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EDITORIAL

DEAR PETER, DAN AND TOM

The Wake Forest roundelay was less a debate than a ninety-minute Sunday night version of a thirty-minute Sunday morning *Meet the Press* parlor game—with the added detraction that the candidates rather than the networks established the format and picked the interrogators.

The public deserves far better treatment, and wants better television, which a more dramatic debate format could have provided. Moreover, the Federal Communications Act promises that broadcasters will operate "in the public interest, convenience and necessity," and it certainly is in the public interest to have the candidates go up against each other one on one.

Fortunately, it's not too late to do something about arranging such an encounter. The contenders can proceed with their meticulously negotiated show, *Meet the Candidates*; meanwhile, the networks should dispatch forthwith the following telegram to Bush and Dukakis:

> WE INVITE YOU TO PARTICIPATE IN A ONE-HOUR ONE-ON-ONE DEBATE WITH YOUR OPPONENT, TO TAKE PLACE ONE WEEK FROM TODAY. THE CANDIDATES MAY MAKE AN OPENING AND CLOSING STATEMENT, AND IN BETWEEN MAY ARGUE DIRECTLY WITH EACH OTHER. OUR NIGHTLY NEWS ANCHOR WILL MODERATE THE DEBATE AND SEE TO IT THAT EACH CANDIDATE GETS EQUAL TIME. IF ONE OF THE CANDIDATES ACCEPTS THIS OFFER AND THE OTHER FAILS TO SHOW UP, THE CANDIDATE WHO APPEARS WILL HAVE A HALF-HOUR TO DEBATE AN EMPTY CHAIR.

Broadcasters in the United States have never been as rich and powerful as they are today. They can well afford the cost of making such a real debate happen—and have a duty to do so. They have nothing to lose but their ratings, and the electorate has everything to gain.

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.
John B. Judis
Richard M. Clurman
Murray Kempton
Robert Sherrill

SORTING OUT ABORTION
Katha Pollitt

GEORGE BUSH AS LIAR
Christopher Hitchens

BRODKEY'S STORIES
Sven Birkerts

LENORE MARSHALL PRIZE WINNER: JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN

THE SUPREME COURT, 1988-89

TESTING THE CONSERVATIVE JUSTICES

HERMAN SCHWARTZ

The question of who would succeed Justice Lewis Powell dominated almost everything about the Supreme Court during its 1987-88 session. The Court seemed to be on hold, and except for the independent counsel decision, *Morrison v. Olson*, which upheld the legality of appointing special prosecutors, there were few big cases. And though many very important issues are already scheduled for the 1988-89 term, which begins this month, the question of the Court's role in protecting individual freedoms will probably be determined more by presidential politics than by constitutional or other law.

Lewis Powell was probably the most powerful judge of his time. Though essentially quite conservative, as he showed in his votes on homosexuality, capital punishment, access to the Federal courts and other issues, he often voted with the liberals in crucial cases. Largely because of Powell, during his fifteen years on the bench a basically conservative Court recognized women's right to an abortion, allowed affirmative action, expanded the rights of out-of-wedlock and alien children, and usually upheld religious liberty, including maintaining the high wall of separation between church and state.

Perhaps the best indication of Powell's significance is that in all the many zig-zagging church-state and affirmative action decisions in which he participated, many of them 5-4 votes, he was always on the winning side, whether the outcome was liberal or conservative. The Powell seat was thus uniquely important, which

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EXCHANGE.

JUDIS, BUCKLEY AND SHERRILL

Washington

Robert Sherrill is entitled to his opinion of Buckley and of my book [*William F. Buckley, Jr.: Patron Saint of the Conservatives*; see "Squire Willie," June 11], but in using my book as the basis for his attack on Buckley, he goes well beyond—and sometimes contradicts—what I have written. In the interests of brevity, I will cite only seven examples, which deal with Buckley's political and social views. I could give as many examples that deal with Buckley's personal life and family.

1. Buckley was not an "adviser or supporter or officer to virtually every major crackpot right-wing movement in America." In the early 1950s, he did endorse a crackpot outfit named For America, but most of Buckley's career has consisted of attempting to purge the right of this kind of organization, from the Congress of Freedom to the John Birch Society and the Liberty Lobby.

2. Buckley was not an "ideological soulmate" of Maj. Gen. Edwin Walker, the Rev. Carl McIntire, Dan Smoot or Revilo P. Oliver. He was a friend of Oliver's but broke with him politically after Oliver joined the John Birch Society. He described Walker's views as "poorly thought out, grossly stated, and preposterous on their face."

3. In the early 1960s, Buckley did repudiate his earlier opposition to political rights for blacks, as I explained at length in several places in my book. In his 1968 *Firing Line* debate with Alabama Governor George Wallace, he specifically attacked Wallace for denying the vote to Alabama's blacks. In 1979, Buckley became one of the first conservatives to support a national holiday for Martin Luther King Jr.

4. Far from being not "terribly unhappy" with right-wing anti-Semitism, Buckley consistently opposed it, beginning with the Congress of Freedom in 1954. In 1959, he did not "side with" but opposed a board member who urged that he do nothing about the *American Mercury*. Buckley circulated a letter not simply among his staff but among the magazine's large list of contributors, informing them that they could not be on the mastheads of both magazines.

5. Buckley's hesitancy about attacking the John Birch Society was not based upon a fear of alienating a major contributor but of alienating what was then a mass conservative constituency that did not necessarily agree with all of founder Welch's views. That contributor made clear that he would continue to support the magazine regardless of Buckley's stand.

6. There is no mystery about how Buckley made up the *National Review*'s deficit. He and publisher William Rusher made it up through a fund-raising letter to subscribers and through soliciting contributions from wealthy conservatives, many of whose names appear in my book. Anyone further interested can consult the guest lists at the magazine's anniversary banquets.

7. There is no evidence that Buckley remained in the Central Intelligence Agency after formally resigning in 1952. And far from being a "fan" of the C.I.A., Buckley and the *National Review* were critical of the agency during the 1950s and 1960s, seeing it as a bastion of cold war liberalism.

Sherrill makes completely unwarranted and irresponsible use of observations about Buckley's feminine traits. As described in my book, Murray Kempton noted Buckley's "womanly" qualities in an unpublished article about the Buckley-Gore Vidal row. His point was that while the homosexual Vidal displayed conventionally masculine traits like cold calculation, the heterosexual Buckley often displayed conventionally feminine ones of "personal kindness and sentimentality."

Sherrill also quotes my own judgments about Buckley out of context. For instance, Sherrill quotes me as having written "more often than not, his decisions were brilliant." The *Nation* reader might imagine I was referring to Buckley's decision to support Goldwater or oppose the I.N.F. treaty, but in fact I was referring uncontroversially to Buckley's personal decisions on the *National Review*, where he recruited, largely on intuition, such unknowns as Garry Wills and John Leonard.

My purpose here and in my book is certainly not to defend Buckley against criticisms of his political views, most of which I do not share, but to render those views accurately and to explain how he came to hold them. One of the most important things to understand about Buckley is his role in ridding the right of its lunatic fringe of anti-Semites and Birchite paranoids. To portray Buckley as part of that fringe, as Sherrill does, is to miss entirely how, for better or worse, conservatism has become a mainstream political faith in America. If liberals want to counter that faith, the least they have to do is understand it. *John B. Judis*

CIRCLE OF FRIENDS

New York City

While I have some major disagreements with John Judis's biography of William F. Buckley Jr., I admire his earnestness, his effort to overcome his own political perspective to try to place Buckley's in context, both political and personal. Robert Sherrill's review is both outrageous about the book and as scurrilous an ad hominem attack on Buckley by innuendo as I've ever read in your pages.

Never mind that I am—along with John Kenneth Galbraith, Irving Kristol, Osborn Elliott, Theodore White, John Chancellor and others—one of those "mushroom egotists" (what the hell is that?) who considers himself, as do the others, a friend and admirer of Buckley's. Or that I am a lifelong liberal, Jew, heterosexual; never went to Yale or worked for the Central Intelligence Agency; believe ideally that journalists should be observers rather than participants in the political process; voted against Buckley when he ran for mayor of New York; vigorously opposed McCarthy, deplored Roy Cohn and have disagreed with Buckley's political views more often than I have agreed in the twenty-five years that I have known him.

Never mind also that Buckley has dished it out all his life in print and in person and hence is fair game for criticism. Sherrill's maniacal, yes, sick, personal attack on him is one of the sleaziest pieces I've ever read outside the pages of the John Birch Society publication or the mad effluvia from the Larouchean garbage pail.

Anyone is entitled to express his opinions, but to suggest, as Sherrill repeatedly does, that they *may be* based on facts, goes far beyond anything that Judis ever says or even implies. To correct Sherrill's rubbish by regurgitating it here could easily disprove his most egregious insults, errors and distortions but would dignify them by repetition. So I refrain.

Sherrill, who appears to adhere to no journalistic standards in his review and expresses contempt for virtually everyone he mentions, is not new to this style of assassination. He similarly—and only slightly less viciously—repeatedly attacked the late Theodore H. White, proving *not* that Sherrill is politically evenhanded. Not at all. It just confirms that his factless character assassination has become even worse.

I am a devout believer that proprietors should give editors the right to exercise their talent and that editors should similarly respect reviewers' opinions. But how the editor of *The Nation*, Victor Navasky, whom I have known and liked for years, and the magazine's owner, Arthur Carter, whom I met through Teddy White, can allow this kind of murderous new McCarthyism to appear in their magazine, defies what I believe to be the character and standards of both men responsible for *The Nation*. *Richard M. Clurman*

DIAL 'B' FOR BUCKLEY

New York City

I shall withhold comment on Robert Sherrill's "Squire Willie" except to express my sorrow that, perhaps from too long neglecting to pray God not to let the sun go down on his wrath, Sherrill has allowed what used to be an admirable touch with flicks of malice to coarsen into the ham-handed pawings of spleen.

I infer, however, that I have been listed as an unindicted co-conspirator in the criminal enterprise of those bound together by few ties more tangible than their affection for Bill Buckley.

Sherrill appears to suggest that degrees of self-interest enter into the fondness so many of us have for Bill. That could hardly be possible; no one remotely decent could bring calculation to his relationship with anyone

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EDITORIALS.

The Duke of Flux

Like a fatty who pigs out in front of the TV Sunday night and starts a new diet Monday morning, Michael Dukakis put the forensic excesses of the first presidential debate behind him and was off and running on a new regimen. Or perhaps only off and jogging. In any case, he seemed to remember that his recipe for success in the early primaries—where voter enthusiasm for the issues mattered most—involved ingredients of class populism and welfare liberalism. "My friends, I'm not running for President to make the rich richer," he told an audience in Cleveland the morning after the Wake Forest Grapple in the Chapel. He promised to "stand up and fight for average Americans, for those who have no special-interest lobbyists in Washington and no special influence at the bank." He promoted his schemes for extending health insurance, for affordable housing and for long-term student loans for college. Later in the day, in Jersey City, New Jersey, he charged that George Bush was ready "to give a $30,000 tax break" to the wealthiest citizens. An appreciative working-class audience roared in response to his attack.

Crowds everywhere respond to Dukakis's class appeals, to his assault on the Republican rich and to his commitments to extend government protection and support to those left out of the Reagan economic miracle. On the other hand, voters drop away in droves when he starts talking about his administrative competence, his deficit management skills and indeed about his closet conservatism. At the Jersey City

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rally he very nearly lost half his supporters by starting off with a spirited attack on the American Civil Liberties Union, in the form of a litany of his own disagreements with unpopular positions he attributed to that organization: child pornography, tax exemptions for church institutions, even "Oliver North." People can smell cheap shots almost before they're fired, and in this case Dukakis's opportunistic defense was so transparent as to be counterproductive. (Dukakis should have caught A.C.L.U. director Ira Glasser on CBS earlier that morning; it is "outrageous," Glasser said, to identify a position for freedom of speech with advocacy of the particular subject that the speech concerns.) As the televised debate showed, Dukakis is bad when he is defensive, and at his worst when he is arrogantly so.

Right now, the Dukakis campaign seems to be suffering from strategic flux. The old approach, which was to promise white suburbanites that the Democrats would manage their assets and maintain their social status more efficiently than the Republicans, has failed, measurably, in the polls. The new idea, which is to appeal to the varied constituencies aroused by Jesse Jackson's populist issues, has not been fully realized. The result is an amalgam that is neither completely convincing nor evidently effective.

The Jersey City event provided an excellent illustration of the campaign in crisis. As rush-hour commuters surged up the stairs of a busy subway station, on their way home from other northern New Jersey cities as well as Manhattan, they were virtually trapped in a loud and jolly old-fashioned political street fair, complete with rock band (Southside Johnny) and soul group (Julia & Company). Television host/comedian Robert Klein was the light-handed emcee. There were bunting and balloons and a high-school marching band in full regalia. Two thousand people filled the somewhat constricted plaza. Many wore shirts or baseball caps with union logos.

It was an audience ready and indeed eager for political inspiration and organization, but for an hour and a half before Dukakis arrived, all it got—between the musical numbers—were speeches by local pols, many of them either unknown or figures of derision. The celebrity section of middle-aged white men in dark suits looked like the reviewing stand for a May Day parade in some provincial Soviet city of the stagnation era. Olympia Dukakis was one of the few women on the stage, and she arrived at the same time as her cousin. Not surprisingly, there was only a handful of black people in the crowd.

Jersey City draws on a vast and complex community where thousands of people are active in social and political struggles that should be included in any Democratic campaign. With all the teamster T-shirts in the plaza, why were there no teamster organizers at the microphone? Why no student activists, no pro-choicers, no tenant advocates, no environmentalists (in New Jersey!), no civil rights champions or, since Bush brought up the A.C.L.U., no civil libertarians? Democrats win only when they practice the politics of inclusion and empowerment. Dukakis's speeches may be getting better and his promises more substantial, but it's a short time from now to November 8, and he is still miles away from the people and the issues that he must command for electoral victory.

Babies, Anyone?

"I oppose abortion, and I favor adoption," said George Bush in the Sunday debate. He then went on to suggest that although he hadn't yet "sorted out" the matter, "we" would have to "come to grips with the penalty side" were abortion to be made a crime, and left open the possibility of jailing women who have them. By the next day, Bush's handlers had figured out that 1.6 million abortions a year added up to a lot of criminals—and a lot of votes. And so the women who had been murderers the night before were upgraded to "victims" (of card-carrying members of the A.C.L.U., perhaps?), and their doctors took their place as candidates for striped loungewear.

Given the tea-party politesse of the media where the Vice President is concerned, Bush may succeed in his efforts at damage control. So far he has escaped connection with the appalling Republican Party platform, which rejects abortion even to save the mother's life. "Adoption not abortion" is a clever stroke. Just as "pro-life" implies that the opposition is "pro-death," this sound bite implies that pro-choicers would prefer to send a little soul shivering into limbo rather than find it "a family where there will be love."

Once again the pregnant woman has been excised from the abortion debate, as though bearing a child against her will in order to turn it over to strangers were no big deal. Nevertheless, let's consider how the Bush adoption program might work. Say there are about 1 million couples who seriously want to adopt a baby and 1.6 million women who have abortions each year. If abortion became illegal on, say, January 1, 1990, every couple currently in the adoption market would have its bundle of joy by around July 4. Then what? Presumably, the Bush Administration would call upon the "thousand points of light," those little stars of volunteerism bravely twinkling in the Republican night. Thanks to a "take two, they're small" campaign, a fever of altruistic childmania would sweep the land and every family that has ever fantasized about adopting a child would throw caution to the winds and sign up for two. I figure that would bring us up to Labor Day. Then what? Would Jerry Falwell demand that his faith partners take babies as premiums instead of white leather Bibles?

The fact is, adoption cannot be the solution to the problem of unwanted children. The numbers are simply too overwhelming, and would be so even if all the children born after abortion became illegal were the white healthy infants many would-be adoptive parents want. The only way to make a real dent in the abortion rate—legal or illegal—is to lower the unwanted pregnancy rate, the third highest in the industrialized West. The only way to do that is to conquer our national squeamishness about birth control and sex while also providing a full menu of social benefits to mothers and children. I'd like to hear both candidates address these issues in detail but, needless to say, they won't. It wouldn't make a sound bite.

KATHA POLLITT

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Nicotine S.D.I.

R. J. Reynolds, the nation's second-largest cigarette manufacturer, this month begins test marketing its "smokeless cigarette," a new-fangled coffin nail called Premier that burns a small piece of charcoal which in turn heats up a "flavor capsule," the contents of which are a trade secret.

The company does not bill Premier as a "safer" cigarette because it doesn't admit that its other cigarettes (Winstons, Salems, Camels) are at all harmful. The advantage of the new product is that it emits very little smoke from the burning end, thus making it less objectionable to nonsmokers. But safety for smokers, too, is Reynolds's implied message. Premier is aimed at smokers looking for an excuse not to quit and former smokers eager to light up again.

The company has been telling anyone who will listen that Premier has almost none of the tars that are unavoidable byproducts of tobacco cigarettes. (It is the tars that cause lung cancer.) In characteristic cigarette-company doublespeak, Reynolds promotes its new product as an advance because it doesn't deliver the tars that are "associated with the smoking and health controversy"; at the same time, however, the company denies that cigarettes actually do cause cancer. Premier apparently delivers as much or more carbon monoxide as conventional cigarettes. This gas contributes to heart disease, the number-one cause of cigarette-induced death.

The new product is very high-tech and took several years to develop. One critic calls it the industry's Star Wars defense, made to shoot down no-smoking laws. There is some tobacco in Premier, but it doesn't burn. The patent on file for the product describes tobacco as "optional." When the flavor capsule is heated it emits an aerosol that is "akin to the smoke of a conventional cigarette."

An industry research report written in the early 1970s stressed that what really counts is getting nicotine to the smoker. "The cigarette," the report said, "should be conceived not as a product but as a package. The product is nicotine." With Premier, Reynolds has developed a way to self-administer nicotine without burning tobacco, and we now know that nicotine is the addictive ingredient in cigarettes.

At this point it is futile to ask whether Premier is safer—or more unhealthy—than conventional cigarettes. We know only what Reynolds tells us. The real question is whether it is a cigarette at all. If it is, then like other tobacco products, it is exempt from regulation by both the Food and Drug Administration and the Consumer Products Safety Commission. The powerful tobacco lobby has managed over the years to put its products into a privileged niche in the American marketplace.

But if Premier is not a cigarette, it must be subject to F.D.A. approval as a drug, which would require health and safety tests that would be made public. Of course, as a drug it would not be approved, since its only purpose is to promote nicotine addiction. It is up to the F.D.A. to categorize Premier, but the Federal agency is playing dead.

This isn't the first time a corporation wanted to let customers freebase nicotine. In 1987, a small Texas company called Advanced Tobacco Products asked the F.D.A. to classify as a cigarette a device that delivered nicotine without burning tobacco. The F.D.A. said that the product, called Favor, was a "nicotine delivery system intended to satisfy a nicotine dependence" and ordered the company to discontinue marketing it. But R.J. Reynolds is a corporate giant with awesome clout in Washington. Its case was taken to the F.D.A. by Arthur Hays, former F.D.A. commissioner, and not one but two former general counsels for the F.D.A., Peter Hutt and Richard Cooper. The company plans to spend $125 million to introduce Premier, and some Wall Street analysts believe that the product represents a $1 billion investment.

Doctors at the F.D.A. want to regulate Premier, but the agency has caved in to industry and White House pressure to allow the product to be test marketed. This is, of course, the same Administration that has announced a "zero toleration" policy on drugs, pouncing on a single joint as if it were the devil incarnate. Meanwhile, nicotine addiction leads to 350,000 deaths in the United States each year, far more than all the fatalities caused by illegal drugs. LARRY C. WHITE

Larry C. White is the author of Merchants of Death: The American Tobacco Industry *(William Morrow).*

MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Having observed George Bush in the first debate, on September 25, some members of the punditocracy were moved to remark that he looked and sounded quite "presidential." In that Bush babbled and bluffed and lied, he can at least be said to have been presidential in the 1980s sense of the term. Toward the end of his ninety minutes of evasion and innuendo he slipped in a breathtaking claim:

> And I have long said that I supported the President on this other matter, and I've said mistakes were made. Clearly, nobody's going to think the President started out thinking he was going to trade arms for hostages. That is a very serious charge against the President, and that has been thoroughly looked into.

Since this was not a "gaffe" by the mediocre standards of today's press but was, rather, a gigantic falsehood and an attempt to rewrite recent history, it has entirely escaped comment.

To see how big a lie it is, and also to see a demonstration of the old maxim that the bigger a lie the better chance it has of success, consider this chronology of all the statements made by the Leader of the Free World about his dealings with Iran.

On November 13, 1986, in his first admission of the trade, Reagan said that the "small amounts" and "modest deliveries" of weapons "could easily fit into a single cargo plane" and were "defensive." He added, "We did not—repeat, did not—trade weapons or anything else for hostages." He did,

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however, refer to the transaction as a "secret diplomatic initiative."

On November 19, 1986, Reagan denied four times that he had "condoned" arms shipments by Israel or any third country to Iran. That same evening he was compelled by the evidence, and by the White House, to issue a retraction of those four denials.

On November 26, 1986, Reagan gave an interview to Hugh Sidey of *Time* in which he said: "The Iranians came to us first. They wanted to talk about a better relationship. I would not do that with them being a sponsor of terrorism. They said that they were trying to do something about terrorism." On the previous day, he had said, "I was not fully informed" about the diversion of funds to the *contras*. He also told Sidey, "I told them [the press] that publicity could destroy this, that it could get people killed. They then went right on."

On December 6, 1986, during his weekly radio address, Reagan said that his partners in Iran had been "responsible moderates" but that "mistakes were made."

On January 26, 1987, he told the Tower commission that he "did not recall" giving prior authorization for the sale of U.S. weapons by Israel to Iran in 1985. On February 11, 1987, he remembered that he had approved the shipment *after* it had been made, but two weeks later again copped a plea of amnesia, saying he "honestly had no recollection" of when he approved the sale.

On March 4, 1987, after the publication of the Tower commission report, Reagan gave a nationally televised address in which he said, "A few months ago I told the American people that I did not trade arms for hostages. My heart and my best intentions still tell me that is true, but the facts and evidence tell me it is not."

On April 8, 1987, in the course of an Oval Office interview with reporters Reagan said, "And so the whole distortion of the picture that this was—that we were dealing with the Khomeini, and that in spite of all that he had done to us, and we weren't. We thought we were going around behind his back with some of his people."

On May 15, 1987, Reagan contradicted his own press spokesman, Marlin Fitzwater, by saying that he was "having some trouble remembering" a June 1985 cash ransom payment for hostages, which both Fitzwater and Robert McFarlane had said he'd approved. On June 11, 1987, he returned to this, saying, "All I knew about that particular thing was that I was told that there was something going on in which it might be possible to free one or more hostages of ours."

On December 3, 1987, in an interview with four network anchormen, Reagan said:

> We weren't dealing at all with the Ayatollah. Now I think he's as big a Satan as he thinks I am. And so— and the weapons—this came as a request from those individuals. That they—that if we could do that, first of all, it would assure them that the people they were dealing with, surreptitiously, were speaking for the government; had some standing here in our country. And also, they—if they could provide those to the military—not to the Revolutionary Guard—to the military, it would give them the prestige.

"Never at any time," he added, "did we view this as trading weapons for hostages, because we weren't doing anything for the kidnappers."

On March 25, 1988, Reagan spoke to a group of college students, referring to "the whole so-called 'Iran scandal,' " saying, "I find it hard to think of 'scandal' in connection with it" and announcing, "I still think Ollie North is a hero."

It would be otiose to describe this fantastic record of lying as "contradictory," though it certainly contains contradictions. (Even the lenient Tower commission and the unbrave Congressional investigating committees could not avoid the discovery that the dealing *had* been with the Khomeini forces from the start, *had* involved the delivery of serious weapons to the Revolutionary Guards as well as the army and *had* involved trading for hostages.) Reagan and Bush have managed, *without challenge*, to disown even the early and highly tactical admissions that they made as the story unfolded.

Now turn to a memorandum written by Craig Fuller, chief of staff to George Bush, recording a meeting in Jerusalem between Bush and Israeli chief of "counterterrorism" Amiram Nir. The memo opens by saying that Nir "had been asked to brief the VP by his White House contacts." I reproduce its salient sentences:

> He [Nir] reviewed what had been learned which was essentially that the radical group was the group that could deliver. . . . He stated that the effort began last summer. . . . nine days ago their Prime Minister called saying that they were taking steps to release one. . . . "We are dealing with the most radical elements . . . this is good because we've learned they can deliver and the moderates can't."

The date of this meeting, witnessed by Fuller, was July 29, 1986. In other words, before Reagan uttered the first lie quoted at the opening of this chronology, George Bush had already had the conversation that contained all the essential facts. Furthermore, he had this meeting—at which heavy arms, militant factions, trading for hostages and all the rest of it were calmly discussed—at the request of Nir's "White House contacts." So the question is not, Did North and Poindexter tell Reagan? It is, Can Reagan claim to know less than his Vice President did?

The question has never been put. Bush has lied about the date on which he first "heard" of the bargaining, in order to make it seem that he too was driven awry by sheer compassion. The Fuller memo shows that the process was already familiar enough to be discussed with a foreign government, and that this process had begun the previous summer. The whole memo can be read in the Tower commission report. It represents rather a blow to the compassion faction. It also raises the question, If compassion was not the explanation for a covert military understanding with Iran, then what was? It may be too late to do anything about Reagan, but it is not too late to do something about George Bush.

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ARTICLES.

BEYOND THE *INTIFADA*

The Struggle to Build a Nation

DAOUD KUTTAB

East Jerusalem

After twenty-one years of Israeli occupation of the West Bank and Gaza Strip, the Palestinian people are getting closer than ever to fulfilling their aspiration of living in a free and independent state. By combining popular unarmed protests with intensive communal organization and an increasingly pragmatic political offensive, the Palestinians now stand to achieve more this year than they have in many—though substantial obstacles remain.

Contrary to perceptions in the West, the efforts of the *intifada* have not been restricted to demonstrations and throwing stones. Since the coalescence at the beginning of January of the Unified National Leadership of the Uprising, an underground command comprising representatives from each of the main Palestine Liberation Organization factions—Yasir Arafat's Fatah, the largest; George Habash's Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine; Nayef Hawatmeh's Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine; the Palestine Communist Party; and Islamic Jihad—a great deal of effort has been expended on developing the internal front. Palestinians have begun to boycott Israeli-made products to which there are Palestinian alternatives, like cigarettes, soft drinks, food products, clothing and drugs. Israeli-appointed mayors, policemen and civil administration officials have been asked to resign. Workers in Jewish settlements have been urged to stop working and Palestinian labor in Israel has been disrupted by weekly strikes.

This largely negative protest campaign has been complemented by efforts to develop local resources through a vast expansion of home and community gardening, to encourage work in Palestinian factories and, most important, to create an alternative governmental structure through the effort of self-reliant popular committees. So far, the boycott campaign has been quite successful: Most of the policemen and appointed mayors have resigned and many communities, like Beit Sahour, Bethany and Bani Neim, have resisted for months Israeli pressure to pay taxes. But it is the growing strength of independent Palestinian communal organizations that most threatens Israel's grip on the territories. Thus, in recent weeks the Israelis have targeted the popular committees, detaining members without trial and deporting many of them. Israeli Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin has issued a military order declaring membership in or contribution to the popular committees a crime punishable by up to ten years in prison.

The *intifada* is now poised to move into a new phase. At the end of July, while Palestinians here were discussing ways of broadening their civil disobedience campaign, King Hussein of Jordan decided to break his country's legal and administrative ties to the West Bank. This Jordanian move pushed to the fore options for unilateral Palestinian actions that were until then only talked about in theory. One that has gained popularity in the occupied territories is for Palestinians to declare independence based on the United Nations partition plan of 1947, which calls for the creation of an Arab state and a Jewish state in mandatory Palestine (a move that would explicitly recognize the legitimacy of the Jewish state of Israel); to establish a provisional government (made up of Palestinians in the occupied territories and outside); and to seek Arab and international recognition of this newly declared state.

Israel has already rejected this idea; however, as Sari Nusseibeh, a professor at Bir Zeit University, argues, the concept would gain a momentum of its own that would make it difficult to discourage. Writing in August in the Paris-based Arab weekly *Al Yom al Saba*, Nusseibeh says that the plan would give Palestinians in the occupied territories a big morale boost, and change the focus from the P.L.O. recognizing Israel to the world community recognizing the Palestinian state. Nusseibeh argues that this would increase pressure on Israel to go to an international conference and would greatly improve Palestinians' bargaining position in any negotiations.

A second option that has been suggested is for the P.L.O. to set up a government-in-exile. In fact, this idea has been supported for years by some Arab regimes because it would mean the conversion of the P.L.O. from a revolutionary organization into a predominantly political one. Many Palestinians oppose this suggestion, arguing that it was the P.L.O.'s military activities that put the Palestinian issue on the international agenda in the first place and forced its adversaries to take it seriously. However, the *intifada*'s mass unarmed protests make armed struggle unnecessary and possibly counterproductive, and could complement the activities of a government-in-exile. Nevertheless, one drawback is that such a body would exclude Palestinians in the occupied territories, the very ones laying so much of the foundation for the new state.

The third option currently being discussed is to seek international or U.N. custodianship of the occupied territories until a settlement is reached. This was one of the first demands of the uprising and one that the P.L.O. has gone on record as supporting. But while there is consensus, few Palestinians believe that this option could be implemented because it would need Israel's consent. Hence many here worry that much effort could be wasted on an idea that is a "nonstarter" during this crucial period.

Daoud Kuttab is a Palestinian journalist and West Bank correspondent for As-Senara, *a Nazareth Arabic weekly, and for* Middle East International *and* Mideast Mirror.

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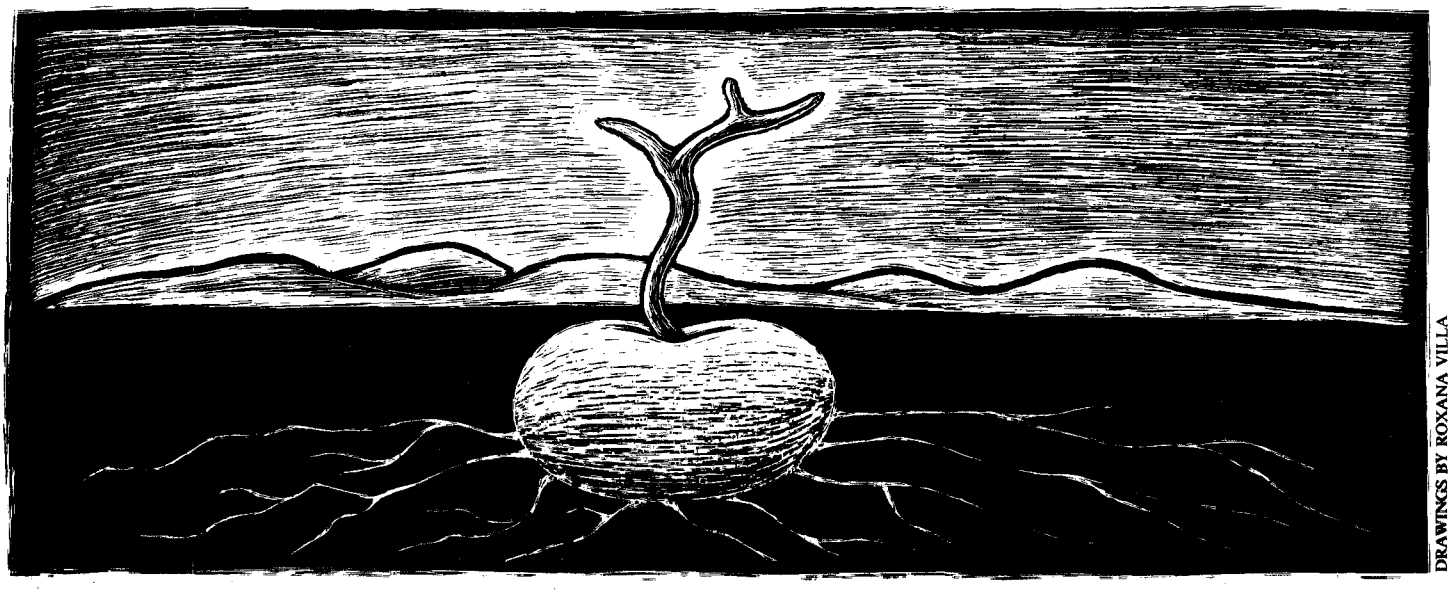
Any of these options, or even a mixture, could very well be adopted at the next session of the Palestine National Council (P.N.C.), expected to take place this month. But whatever happens, it will not answer all the questions on the minds of Palestinians here. For example, the relationship between the P.L.O. and the new body (be it a provisional government or government in exile) will have to be hammered out. One suggestion is that the government will be the body with power. The P.L.O. could then become a "Palestinian Agency" handling relations with Palestinians around the world in the same way that the Jewish Agency was reorganized after the Israeli government was declared in 1948. Or, the P.L.O. could continue to possess superior power, with relations between it and the Palestinian government similar to those in the Eastern bloc between the Communist Party and the state. Either way, the role of Arafat is uncertain. Some feel that he should head the government in order to give it legitimacy and power. Others, who feel that Western recognition is the main reason for setting up the provisional or exile government, think its president should be a Palestinian outside the P.L.O. in order to improve the likelihood that key Western countries will recognize this new formation.

The Unified National Leadership has been the driving force pushing the P.L.O. toward a pragmatic position. At the end of August, leaflet No. 24 called on the P.N.C. to come up with a "clear and comprehensive political program that will increase international support for the Palestinian cause." Many here see this language as a signal to the P.L.O. to adopt measures that will include some type of recognition of Israel—mutual or unilateral, conditional or unconditional. Palestinians here want the coming P.N.C. meeting to reap the political fruits of the uprising. In the event that the meeting is inconclusive, the uprising leadership may decide to cut its losses, freeze the *intifada* in order to allow Palestinians to catch their breath and wait for a better opportunity (and wiser leadership) to rise again some years down the line.

But even if the emerging political initiative comes to nought, those who are betting that the Palestinians will beg King Hussein to rescind his decision will be disappointed. Palestinian civil servants who used to be paid by Jordan want to participate with the rest of the community in the struggle. Though many have not suffered at all during the *intifada*, they say that if a little financial sacrifice will bring the founding of a state closer, then they will make it. In any case, existing institutions have for the past twenty-one years been undergoing a process of "Palestinianization." Even before the *intifada*, their ties with Jordan were becoming largely *pro forma*, an umbilical cord that needed to be cut before the baby could begin to live on its own. No matter what decisions the P.L.O. ultimately makes regarding political strategy, Palestinians "on the inside" are already moving to fill the vacuum left by Hussein—by setting up their own procedures for accrediting professionals, by supervising their own education system, by taking over the cooperative system of agricultural marketing, by creating Palestinian credit institutions and by providing emergency health-care and police services.

Lack of political movement may fuel an emerging fundamentalist side to the uprising. For many years, the Moslem Brotherhood was tolerated by the Israelis as a conservative force that concentrated solely on social and religious issues. But one of the early achievements of the *intifada* was the incorporation of Islamic Jihad, a new Islamic fundamentalist group. This group began to attract attention last year after several highly visible anti-Israeli actions, including an attack on Israeli soldiers in Jerusalem, an escape from a Gaza prison and confrontations with Israeli security personnel. In response, the Islamic Resistance Movement, or Hamas, was founded last February as a more activist wing of the Moslem Brotherhood. Unlike Islamic Jihad, which identifies with the mainstream of the P.L.O., Hamas's covenant, published in August, calls for "the liberation of all of Palestine by *jihad* [holy war]." Since the beginning of the uprising, the Israelis have cracked down on Islamic Jihad, arresting and deporting most of its leaders, while they have turned a blind eye to Hamas's divisive activities. So far the Unified National Leadership has also refrained from confronting Hamas so as not to weaken the national struggle.



DRAWINGS BY ROXANA VILLA

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The *intifada* and the emerging pragmatic approach toward Israel reflect a long evolution in Palestinian thinking and experience. Palestinians admit that in the first years of occupation they were baffled by Israel, by the money that started to pour in from working inside the Green Line and by some of the liberties that then-Defense Minister Moshe Dayan was allowing in his "open bridges policy." Then Israel's economic boom ended in the early 1970s and Jewish settlement under both the Labor and Likud governments began to eat up more than 52 percent of Palestinian land in the West Bank. When an "iron fist" policy replaced Dayan's "liberalism," the Palestinian resistance began spreading and taking root.

It took some time before this resistance matured into its present effective and popular force. The P.L.O.'s commitment to the slogan "armed struggle" was not very effective in the occupied territories. Palestinians living in the West Bank and Gaza Strip had no weapons or military training. The countries that had controlled the occupied territories before 1967, Jordan and Egypt, had refused to arm the population or to allow the development of any political or organizational infrastructure. And after the Israeli occupation of 1967, those two countries, along with Syria, refused to allow Palestinian commandos to use their territory to launch attacks against Israel or to smuggle in weapons. The longer Israel occupied the territories, the more difficult it became to carry out the armed struggle the P.L.O. had considered the "only way to liberate Palestine."

Hence, this approach began to change officially after the twelfth session of the P.N.C., in 1974, when the P.L.O. decided that armed struggle was "one of the ways to liberate Palestine," along with "political, popular and diplomatic struggle." It was also during this important session that the P.L.O. dropped its goal of achieving a "democratic secular state" in all of Palestine and accepted the idea of "an independent Palestinian state in any territory that Israel withdraws from." But it wasn't until the 1976 victories of pro-P.L.O. candidates in West Bank municipal elections and the strong rejection by West Bank and Gaza activists of the autonomy scheme envisioned by the Camp David Accords that the P.L.O. started to change its emphasis in the occupied territories to one of political and grass-roots struggle.

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By the late 1970s many of these popularly elected mayors had formed a National Guidance Committee and had started to act on behalf of the P.L.O. in the occupied territories. After a short period of Israeli permissiveness, when Ezer Weizman was Defense Minister of a Likud government, under pressure from Jewish settlers the Israeli government cracked down on the committee, deporting and dismissing most of the leaders who constituted its core. Three mayors also were the targets of assassination attempts by the Jewish terrorist underground.

In reaction, the major P.L.O. factions started putting their efforts, time and money into establishing grass-roots organizations in the occupied territories, following the example of the Palestine Communist Party, whose members and leadership are primarily in the occupied territories. The Social Youth movement (Shabibeh), by far the most important of these grass-roots organizations, was formed in 1982 and at first concerned itself with social, cultural and sports issues. The Boy Scout-like nature of the movement made it attractive to Palestinian youths, and within a few years it had hundreds of chapters throughout the occupied territories. Majed, a 23-year-old member of the Shabibeh in the Balatta camp and a former member of the Bir Zeit student council, explains, "Youths belonging to the movement would clean up cemeteries, pave roads, build retaining walls and conduct lectures. In many refugee camps where the Israelis had closed the UNRWA [United Nations Relief Works Administration] centers, the movement formed football teams that competed with other Palestinian clubs. They also visited families of those in prison and who were injured or killed by the Israelis."

Similar efforts were exerted in building up Palestinian trade unions, popular women's committees and high school and university student unions [see Joost R. Hiltermann, "Force for Change in the West Bank," *The Nation*, October 3, 1987]. These grass-roots efforts were given a big push after the expulsion of the P.L.O. from Lebanon. The loss of the Lebanese front and pressure on P.L.O. leaders in Jordan provided the perfect opportunity for a serious development of the "western front," as the P.L.O. called the occupied territories. With the help of Arab countries, a joint P.L.O.-Jordan committee was established to support the *sumud* ("steadfastness") of Palestinians under occupation. The late Khalil al-Wazir (Abu Jihad) headed the Palestinian side of the joint committee and used his post during the early 1980s to establish and support a wide network within the occupied territories that later became very useful in consolidating and directing the uprising.

After the initial outbreak of demonstrations last December, it didn't take Palestinians long before they figured out that in order for the *intifada* to last, Palestinians had to pull together. The curfews imposed by the Israeli authorities on the refugee camps were the trigger for the first collective action among Palestinians. Committees were set up to provide the necessary food and medical supplies for the besieged Gaza refugee camps. These new support committees represented the multipartisan scope of Palestinian activists. Later the committees grew and expanded their goals. Local neigh-

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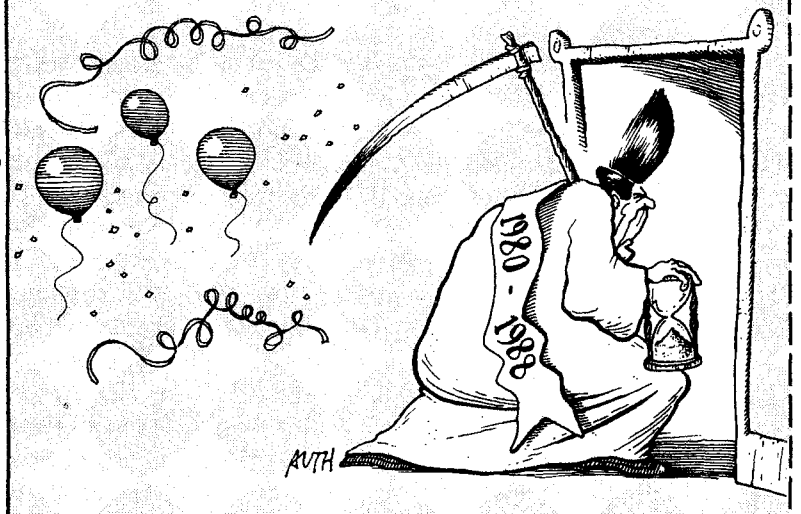
"Goodbye Ronnie . . ."



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borhood committees became responsible for alternative education, health needs, guard duties and agriculture. They have now become the backbone of the uprising, comprising as many as a hundred small committees in each of the major cities and up to ten in every refugee camp and village. The process of leadership developed from the base up.

From these groups emerged the Unified National Leadership of the Uprising, responsible for making major decisions on a national basis and for writing and distributing leaflets that direct protest activities. Decisions of the Unified Leadership are made unanimously and after consultation with the local committees. The success of the uprising is to a large degree the result of democratic decision-making, unification of the community, the creativity of the leadership and its pragmatism in dealing with important issues. When the Israeli authorities closed all the schools in the West Bank, the Unified Leadership encouraged the committees to start community teaching programs while pressing the Israelis to reopen the schools. When the Israelis opened the schools, the leadership encouraged the students and teachers to go back and make up their lost courses. Similarly, when shops here in East Jerusalem were closed in a merchants' strike for more than forty days, the command called on them to open for three hours a day so that Palestinians would not have to go to the Israeli side of Jerusalem to purchase their food.

The leadership of the uprising has taken special care, in resisting the Israeli occupation of the West Bank and Gaza Strip, not to oppose the existence of the state of Israel. In urging protest activities, the leadership's leaflets call for attacks against "the forces of occupation" and on workers to boycott their jobs in Jewish settlements in the occupied territories. The leadership has not called for any acts against the Israelis or Israel itself. In March and again last summer, two leaflets were printed in Hebrew and distributed to soldiers assuring them that "we are not against you or your state, we want our independence." The Hebrew leaflet called on soldiers to stop "beating us and instead to go to the beach and relax rather than be part of an occupation army."

Whether the P.L.O. will capitalize on the successes of the *intifada* or squander the current opportunity cannot be foretold. The uprising command may be a powerful new force in Palestinian politics, but it is not the only one. The nine-month-old awakening of the West Bank and Gaza, however, has opened a new chapter in the history of the Palestinian community: A state is being born. □

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RESTORATION ECOLOGY

Living According To Nature

SETH ZUCKERMAN

David Simpson dons his chest waders and headlamp and splashes into the wooden pen at the edge of northern California's Mattole River. It is early evening; under a waxing moon, the salmon are swimming upriver to their spawning grounds. Simpson trawls the chilly, swift-moving water and nets a fish: It is a glistening male. As it struggles and flops, he eases it into a large plastic tube barred at both ends and tethers it in the river. In a few days, Simpson and his colleagues will take milt from the fish to fertilize eggs taken from a female. Thanks to these fish and their human supporters, the Mattole salmon run stands a good chance of survival.

The work of Simpson and his colleagues is one ripple of a swelling current in the ecology movement—the restoration of ecosystems. Restoration goes beyond the traditional environmental focus on preserving nature or identifying and mitigating the pollution of ecosystems. Instead, it seeks to improve or even to re-create damaged or destroyed forests, marshes, riverbanks and other natural areas. From the California redwoods to the industrial rivers of New England, local residents are working to rehabilitate areas that have suffered the ravages of modern civilization.

But restoration is a tool, not a magic wand. Like any tool, it holds not only the promise of progress but also the danger of abuse. On the positive side, it enables ecology activists to win, not merely to limit their losses. But the movement's greatest challenge is to keep from settling for an "interchangeable parts" approach to the environment, by which the prospect of repair is used to justify fresh destruction. Moreover, the ecology movement must insure that restoration is carried out with local support, including a commitment from inhabitants of restored regions to practices—logging methods, farming techniques or urban planning—that will keep the restored ecosystems in good health. Lasting restoration cannot be achieved by just throwing government programs at the landscape.

Restoration efforts in the United States have been as diverse as the land's natural systems. Northeastern Illinois University biology professor Robert Betz is building a 650-acre native prairie inside the accelerator ring at the Fermi National Accelerator Laboratory in Batavia. Betz uses farm machinery to plant a hundred acres a year, benefiting the lab as well: The prairie requires much less maintenance than nonnative landscaping. It is adapted to fire, while weeds of European origin are not, so that, as long as the prairie is burned annually, they will not reinvade. In fact, the

Seth Zuckerman is a journalist and environmental policy analyst based in northern California.

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ecosystem is spreading—well, like prairie fire. "We're getting prairie plants outside the ring, along the roads and in old fields nearby," Betz says. "It's reached critical mass." Betz plans the prairie to be a nucleus for a network of native habitats, including woodland and marsh, and is reintroducing butterflies and other insects of the tallgrass prairie.

In Costa Rica, biologist Daniel Janzen is attempting an even more ambitious task: to recreate a tropical forest on land that has been converted to pasture and grassland. By excluding fire (with which the local species have not evolved), employing local residents and using indigenous animals to propagate seeds, Janzen hopes to start the forest on the path to recovery. When the forest has grown back—in fifty to a hundred years, Janzen estimates—it will be home to thousands of plant species, tens of thousands of insect species and hundreds of birds, mammals and reptiles.

On the Mattole River, local residents have trapped a few of the returning salmon every year since 1981, often postponing work on their homesteads to take care of the fish. Besides incubating the bright orange salmon eggs in hatch boxes, they have cleared logjams and other obstacles that block the fish migrations, planted trees to stabilize the riverbanks and installed log weirs to create better spawning pools. Freeman House is working with residents along the Mattole River to formulate a plan to reduce erosion—the original cause of the salmon's decline. Across the continent, Ed Garbisch and the company he founded, Environmental Concern, re-create wetlands on the Atlantic Coast. Garbisch uses a combination of hand tools and heavy mechanized equipment to build new marshes by restoring patterns of tidal and freshwater circulation, reconstructing lost habitat and planting native vegetation. The firm is reaping a $250,000 to $500,000 annual profit on revenues of $1.5 to $2 million. Hundreds of other projects are under way elsewhere in the country, a dozen of which are chronicled by John J. Berger in his book *Restoring the Earth.*

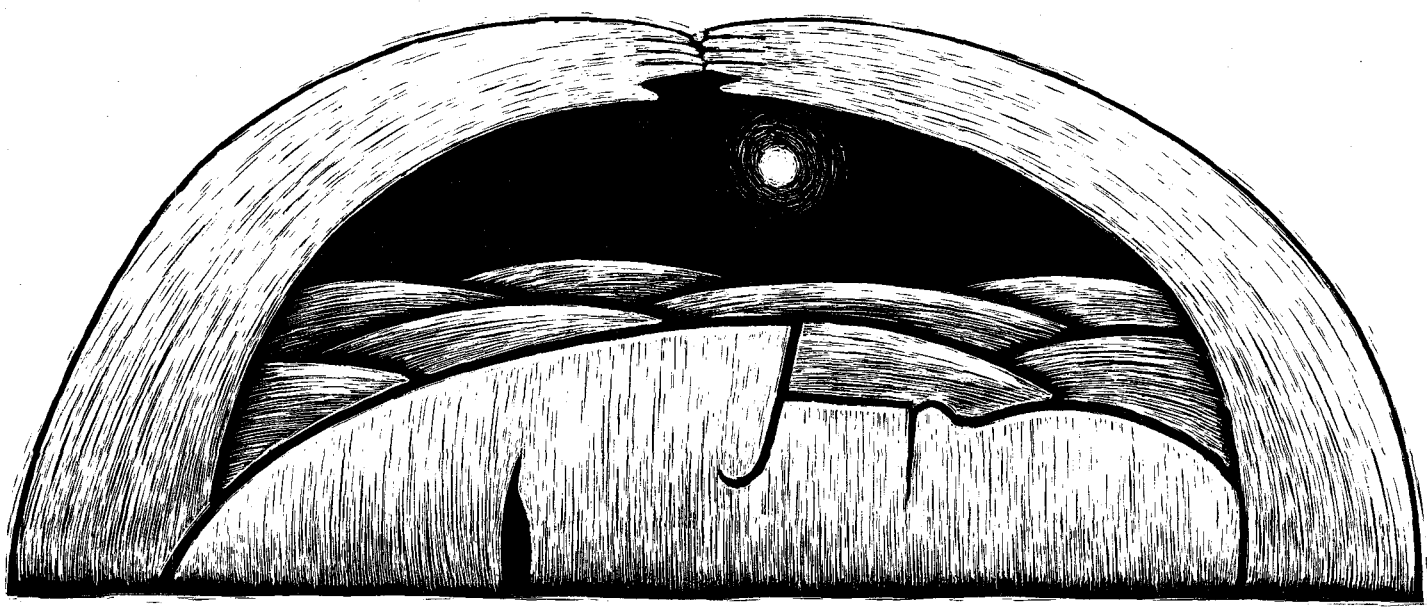
Restoration has struck a deep chord in the ecology movement. Berger founded the organization Restoring the Earth (R.T.E.), operated out of a tiny office in Berkeley, California, to convene the first major national restoration conference this past January. It drew a sellout crowd of 800 activists, scientists, policy-makers and business leaders, including representatives from more than fifty restoration groups, and the atmosphere was charged with possibility. "People are saturated with caring about the problems. Americans want to do something about them," says former R.T.E. staff member Jerry Bass. "The New Frontier is fixing up the Old Frontier." Island Press will publish the conference proceedings shortly, and R.T.E. is working on a twelve-part TV series on restoration.*

For all its potential, however, a number of pitfalls threaten the honest practice of ecological restoration. Perhaps the most vexing is that the ability to restore an ecosystem may foster the attitude that every destroyed environment can be replaced. "The purpose of restoration is to repair previous damage, not to legitimize further resource destruction," Berger cautions. "There is a real danger in the misuse of the concept." If we can build marshes, why not build one elsewhere in return for filling one in to build condominiums? "Not everything can be restored," warns Berger. "It is extremely difficult at times, often very expensive, and not always perfectly successful."

Environmental laws and policy-makers are biased toward permitting most ecological insults, many activists say, so long as they are properly "mitigated." A growing knowledge of restoration may result in mitigation measures that are better executed, but it may also make it harder to mobilize opposition to a project on the grounds that it would cause irreparable harm.

One place where corporate restoration is probably a benevolent force is at Homestake Mining's McLaughlin mine, seventy miles north of San Francisco. The Fortune 500 company wasn't exactly a darling of ecologists, with Environmental Protection Agency Superfund-listed cleanup

* Restoring the Earth can be reached at 1713C Martin Luther King Jr. Way, Berkeley, CA 94709. The University of Wisconsin Arboretum publishes a semiannual journal on restoration and land stewardship, *Restoration and Management Notes.* The Society for Ecological Restoration was founded this year and can be contacted c/o University of Wisconsin Arboretum, 1207 Seminole Highway, Madison, WI 53711.



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sites at its mines in South Dakota and New Mexico. But in 1980, the firm devised a plan to reclaim the McLaughlin mine and about 9,000 adjoining acres during twenty years of the gold mine's lifetime. The area had been mined and overgrazed for more than a century and was covered with noxious weeds. Now, with cattle removed, parts are already coming back into native oak woodland and savanna; Ray Krauss, environmental manager for the mine, reports seeing bobcat, mountain lion, bear and golden eagle on the site. Some $2 million of the mine's $79 million annual revenues are spent on reclamation and environmental monitoring, and when the mine is played out in the first decade of the next century, the land will be converted into an environmental studies field station.

With all these sweeteners, the local Sierra Club chapters supported the project, after carefully examining the firm's proposals and doing some soul-searching. "I would rather have the gold in my teeth and jewelry mined in this country, where there are environmental, wage and safety laws, than have it mined in South Africa," says Ada Merhoff, the former conservation chair of the club's Yolano chapter.

The original state of the land is what made the McLaughlin mine an attractive candidate for development and later restoration. "There are some areas," says Krauss, "that are so important ecologically that no underlying resource merits their disturbance. But there are areas, such as those already disturbed without benefit of restoration, that everybody except the most extreme agree are O.K. to use and then restore." The McLaughlin mine may be a clear-cut case of the latter, but most projects fall between the two extremes.

Proper restoration can defuse opposition to development projects, a fact that has not escaped corporate notice. A number of large firms, such as Chevron, Pacific Gas and Electric and Homestake Mining, climbed on the restoration bandwagon and took part in the January R.T.E. conference—motivated, Berger says, by enlightened self-interest. "Corporations realize there is a groundswell of public concern about the environment. They realize that if the perception grows that corporations are not seriously concerned about it, they will encounter a much more hostile regulatory environment." But wouldn't more stringent regulation be a good thing? "There are some cases where it might be," Berger says, "but it's desirable to involve the corporations. We need all major forces of the society brought to bear on environmental restoration." Berger's statement reflects the mood of accommodation at the conference, where skepticism about corporate motives took a back seat to amazement that traditional adversaries could make common cause and learn from one another.

The conference identified several pivotal questions about restoration that need more thought: First of all, "restore" to what? The way it was before the Industrial Revolution? To pre-Columbian conditions? Is it restoration to create a marsh in compensation for wetlands lost elsewhere? Conference participants also identified a crucial weakness of much of the restoration work undertaken so far: poor monitoring and evaluation. Often, the resources or technical expertise needed to monitor the work are lacking, or restorers are so intent on the work that they don't want to delay a project while they gather the data necessary for a pre-restoration benchmark, such as counting the number of trees per acre. Restoring the Earth commissioned a handbook on strategies for restoration. Some in attendance at the conference, such as veteran bioregionalist Peter Berg, worried that the publication might tilt toward a brand of restoration that treats "planet as garden," and has humans overmanage the earth "for its own good."

John Berger hopes to draw the government into environmental repair also. He proposes a Restoration Corps, based on the New Deal–era Civilian Conservation Corps but with a few changes, such as not using the corps for nonenvironmental projects like roads, and keeping the members in their home regions. "We could put millions of people to work if the money was available," he says.

This plan strikes some activists as too centralized. "What we insist on in restoring this particular watershed is that the people who live here are the only people who can do it effectively," says the Mattole project's Freeman House. "It won't do to ask the government to restore our habitats for us." In the Mattole project, virtually all the work is done and directed by residents of the 300-square-mile watershed. The value of this community-based method is suggested by the experience of city tree-planters: Urban arborists discovered that sidewalk trees planted by city workers often died of neglect or were killed by cars backing into them. But if people living on a block organized to plant trees with technical help from the city, the trees were twice as likely to survive. Similarly, the Mattole salmon project recruits local schoolchildren to help release the fish into the river. Students at the local high school shoulder picks and shovels to plant trees and build check-dams to reduce erosion. "You can't restore the earth without restoring the culture," contends House. House's remarks illustrate the link between restoration and the bioregional movement, which held its third biennial continental congress in August, in British Columbia. Cultural evenings of regional music, dance, storytelling and skits were a major part of the congress, alongside workshops and committees and plenary sessions. Not only does bioregionalism seek to restore the healthy functioning of ecosystems, it recognizes that human civilization must adapt to the ecological realities of place for restoration to be more than a palliative.

In the Mattole valley restoration is an integral part of people's lives, not just something they pay taxes for. It is what bioregionalists call "reinhabitation," the act of dwelling in a place in accordance with its natural attributes. Residents are making their stand there, taking up poet Gary Snyder's challenge that "the most radical act may be to live in one place for the rest of our lives." Their commitment to the place is likely to produce lasting effects and avoid the "interchangeable parts" problem that bedevils restoration. "Restoration requires faith that people will behave well in the future, so what's restored won't be destroyed again," says Berg. "We have to start seeing the places where we live as being alive. If we do that, it won't just be nature that we restore: We'll be restoring ourselves." □

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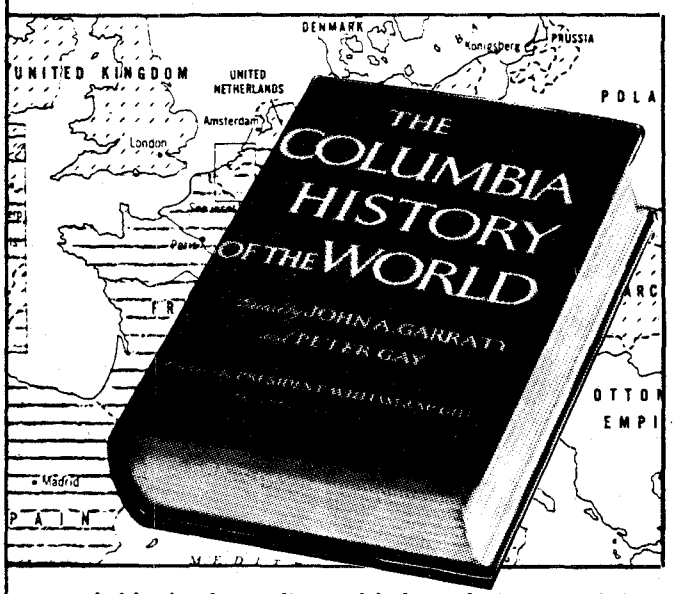

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Supreme Court

(*Continued From Front Cover*)
helps explain the intensity of the fight over the nomination of Judge Robert Bork last year. If Bork had been confirmed, a relatively moderate conservative Justice would have been replaced by a rigid right-wing ideologue.

It is obviously much too early for any definitive judgments about Justice Anthony Kennedy, Powell's successor, for he participated in relatively few of the Court's more important rulings last session—only sixty-one out of 142. But some ultraconservatives are encouraged, and for good reasons. The best is Kennedy's concurring opinion, joined only by Justice Antonin Scalia, in the "chastity act" case, *Bowen v. Kendrick*. The Adolescent Family Life Act (AFLA) is one of the loonier efforts by the now-departed Senator from Alabama, Jeremiah Denton. It tries to fight teen-age pregnancy by telling girls to "Just Say No," and expressly provides Federal funds for religiously affiliated institutions, among others, to do the telling.

Kennedy and Scalia joined a five-Justice majority that refused to strike down AFLA on its face, which would have prevented any funds from going to a religious institution. Instead, the majority, led by Chief Justice William Rehnquist, insisted that unless the funds went to institutions that were "pervasively sectarian"—institutions in which religion dominates a substantial portion of their functions, such as parochial schools—challengers would have to prove in each instance that the money was actually being used for religious purposes.

This ruling is bad enough, for both challengers and courts will now have to spend vast amounts of time, effort and money to gather information to prove either that a specific recipient is pervasively sectarian or that it is actually using the funds for religious purposes. And this will have to be done for each of the very many, often widely scattered religiously affiliated recipients, though Justice Sandra Day O'Connor hinted at the possibility of a broad remedy once some violations are shown.

Even this wasn't enough for Kennedy, however. In his short concurring opinion with Scalia, he suggested that giving money to even a pervasively sectarian institution might be constitutional, raising the possibility that he might seriously consider giving money directly to parochial schools, which the Court has steadily refused to allow. If this opinion is a good indicator of Kennedy's overall church-state philosophy, we may soon see much greater governmental support for and involvement in religious matters than during Justice Powell's tenure.

Kennedy's conservatism also showed itself in capital punishment and other criminal cases, almost all of which went for the prosecution. He did occasionally abandon the conservative bloc on civil liberties issues, generally to help business interests. In these cases Scalia voted the same way.

A worrisome indication of where Kennedy stands on civil rights was his joining with the other four conservatives in *Patterson v. McClean Credit Union* to reconsider the landmark 1976 decision in *Runyon v. McCrary*, which ruled that the 1866 Civil Rights Act forbade racial discrimination in the private sector. The 1866 act is now an important part of the civil rights armory, and nobody in the *Patterson* case had asked that *Runyon*—which Robert Bork had successfully argued for the government in 1976—be reconsidered. It had been approved by both the Court and Congress several times without question. The *Patterson* case will be heard October 12; sixty-six Senators and 118 Representatives, as well as more than 110 organizations, have urged the Court to reaffirm *Runyon*.

Observers have speculated as to who initiated the reconsideration of *Runyon*. One good bet is Justice Scalia, who apparently believes that his appointment to the Supreme Court carried with it a commission to review and reconsider every decision he doesn't like. In his first term on the Court, he called for overruling or re-examining precedents that go back to 1950. In a characteristically overheated and overstated opinion, he called for overruling the 1979 *United States Steelworkers v. Weber*, which allows employers to adopt voluntary affirmative action programs; in another, in which he and Rehnquist were the only dissenters, he urged the Court to repudiate its 1973 church-state separation criteria and to uphold a Louisiana law mandating the teaching of creationism wherever evolution is taught.

Scalia is a prime example of the Reaganite judge—ultraconservative, activist, smart and relatively young. Nowhere are his views and approach better illustrated than in *Morrison v. Olson*. Two Reagan judges on the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia had struck down the independent counsel statute in an opinion that was essentially an exaltation of the President *über alles*. The Supreme Court reversed them, 7-1, in a bland opinion by Rehnquist that simply said the Constitution means what it says: Article II, which allows Congress to "vest Appointments of such inferior officers as they think proper. . . . in the Courts of Law," authorizes Congress to give courts the authority to appoint independent counsel. Nothing in the separation of powers or other constitutional principles justifies interpreting Article II as preventing the court from appointing independent counsel, observed Rehnquist, since the branches of government frequently exercise powers that normally belong to another branch.

This unexceptionable proposition, well supported by precedent, led Scalia to "grieve for the Constitution." His opinion is filled with rhetorical excesses and just plain nonsense. He suggested, for example, that "the context of this statute is acrid with the smell of threatened impeachment," because if the Attorney General didn't appoint an independent counsel when Congress suggested it, he or she ran a serious risk of being impeached. This, of course, is ridiculous. Edwin Meese 3d's harshest critics never even hinted at impeaching him for refusing to appoint an independent counsel in the matters of Faith Whittlesey, Ed Schmults and others that seemed to some members of Congress to involve serious violations of the law.

To Scalia, a President's power is so sacred as to be almost

Herman Schwartz is a professor of law at The American University and the author of Packing the Courts: The Conservative Campaign to Rewrite the Constitution, *published by Scribner's in August.*

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like virginity—"It is utterly irrelevant *how much* the statute reduces presidential control," he proclaimed. [Emphasis in original.] The fact that the President's dishonest cronies may escape justice doesn't bother this tough law-and-order judge. And all of this on behalf of general principles of separation of powers that are frequently modified, in the face of a clear constitutional text in Article II, and with respect to a statute passed by Congress several times and signed by the President. So much for judicial restraint.

Even Scalia is not always predictable, however. He came down with a surprise vote in favor of the First Amendment in *Boos v. Barry*, a 5-3 decision which repudiated an opinion Robert Bork wrote when a Federal appellate judge. The Supreme Court ruled that the District of Columbia could not force those demonstrating against a foreign government to stay at least 500 feet away from its embassy. The case was an easy one because neither Congress nor any other city had enacted a similar ban, but the Scalia vote, which was crucial to the outcome, was still unexpected.

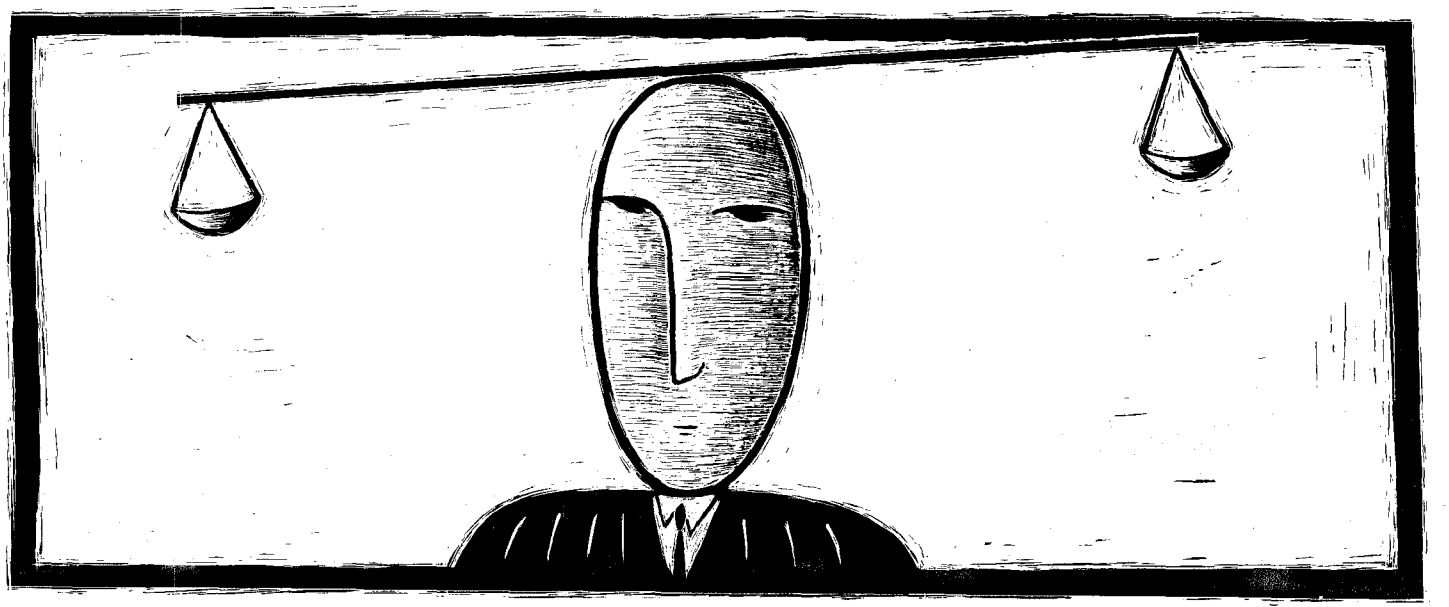
A more typical Scalia performance came in the Court's rather surprising decision in *Webster v. Doe*, which authorized judicial review of constitutional questions raised by a Central Intelligence Agency firing, in this case of a homosexual. This is the first time the C.I.A. has lost in the Supreme Court. The case featured a disagreement between Rehnquist, for the majority, and Scalia, who dissented. Rehnquist argued that not allowing the courts to consider such constitutional issues would be questionable, but Scalia—as in his independent counsel case dissent—suggested that allowing the courts even to look into national security or foreign policy matters might be an unconstitutional encroachment on the President's power.

Chief Justice Rehnquist's vote in *Webster* illustrates one of the more puzzling phenomena of this past term: his occasional votes for the liberal side. Some have suggested a mellowing of this hard-shelled reactionary. A more likely hypothesis is that he does not want to lose control over the opinion to the senior justice on the other side—usually Justice William Brennan. Before Rehnquist became Chief Justice, it cost him nothing to dissent, even if he was alone, as he was a record fifty-four times. Now principle costs him something—control over who writes the opinion and thus, to some extent, what is said. By contrast, his liberal votes this term cost him nothing, since every case would have been decided the same way, with one rather minor exception, had he not voted with the liberals.

Otherwise, the Court produced no surprises. The constitutional rights of public-school students continued to be subordinated to school administrators. Previously, the Court had allowed administrators to inflict corporal punishment without notice or a hearing, to search lockers on little more than a hunch and to punish students for school election speeches containing mild double-entendres. This past term, in *Hazelwood v. Kuhlmeier*, the Court granted administrators very broad authority to censor school newspapers [see Steve Visser, "A Civics Lesson at Hazelwood East," *The Nation*, October 24, 1987; and editorial, "Why Johnny Can't Speak," January 30]. Students in a Missouri high-school journalism class who published a newspaper had scheduled stories on teen-age pregnancy and on the effects of divorce on children. The principal refused to allow the stories to be published and ripped out two whole pages of the paper. A 5-3 majority approved his action, upholding censorship when "reasonably related to pedagogical concerns," which gives principals virtually unlimited censorship authority.

In the past twenty years, the Court has also been quite unsympathetic to the poor. In *Kadrmas v. Dickinson Public Schools*, Justice Kennedy indicated that his arrival will not change this. He made a 5-4 majority allowing North Dakota to refuse free bus service in certain school districts, even if children cannot afford to pay for the transportation.

Finally, the Fourth Amendment's ban on unreasonable search and seizure took its usual beating. In a predictable decision that aroused a good deal of criticism in the press, the Court ruled that Americans have no constitutionally protected right to privacy in the garbage they put out to be collected [see H. Richard Uviller, "Does It Protect Your Garbage?" *The Nation*, October 10]. The Court also held for the prosecution so consistently in other criminal cases that Professor Mary Cheh of George Washington Law School,



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surveying the term, was led to wonder whether the only consistent principle was that "a majority of the justices are simply pro-prosecution and operated under the general rule of thumb [that] if it's a close case, the government wins."

The 1987-88 term was clearly a transitional one, with relatively few cases on big, controversial issues except for the chastity act case. The new session will be very different. Civil rights will be prominent. In addition to the *Patterson* case on private discrimination, the Court will consider an affirmative action case involving government contract set-asides for minorities and women. In the early 1980s such set-asides were routinely approved, relying on a 1980 Court opinion upholding a Federal program. Since Reagan appointees have come to dominate many Courts of Appeals, local programs have consistently been found unconstitutional. The case before the Supreme Court, which is scheduled to be heard this month, involves a Richmond plan that was struck down by the Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit in an opinion by Reagan appointee J. Harvie Wilkinson 3d, a former aide of Assistant Attorney General William Bradford Reynolds, who has led the Administration's assault on civil rights. The Court will also review an employment case which could make it much harder to prove discrimination than under current law. The pre-Kennedy conservative bloc has already hinted at its position, and the outcome may depend on the new Justice.

Capital punishment for those who commit crimes while young, and for the mentally retarded, is also on the docket; the Court ducked the first issue this year in a 5-4 decision in which O'Connor was the deciding vote in an explicitly evasive opinion. Federal drug testing and new sentencing guidelines will also be considered.

The most important events affecting the rights and liberties of Americans will take place not in the marble palace, however, but in the polling booths on November 8. Three Justices are near 80 or older, and it is virtually certain that one or all of them will leave the Court during the next four years. As Justice Harry Blackmun commented, the election of George Bush could make the Court "very conservative well into the twenty-first century."

To some extent, Bush has no choice; nor does any Republican. Every Republican President will disappoint the far right, which now dominates the party, because he simply cannot deliver what they really want—school prayer and abortion amendments to the Constitution, a full rollback of civil rights, all-out conflict with the Soviet Union, full support for the *contras*, total deregulation, ever-decreasing taxes. What he can give them, which will go a long way toward achieving at least some of their domestic goals, is judges. It is relatively easy—the Senate voted down only three of Reagan's nominees out of nearly 400—and very effective. It strikes at the judiciary, the far right's favorite scapegoat. Continuing bitterness over the Bork defeat will also make the right wing demand a reasonable facsimile, no matter how Kennedy turns out.

Even without a Bush victory, Ronald Reagan may already have tilted the Court significantly to the right. The issue is still not settled, however. On many of the most controversial issues, such as abortion, civil rights, access to the courts, religious freedom, free speech and press, Kennedy's views are still largely unknown and probably even unformed, and O'Connor's are somewhat ambiguous—though she generally votes very conservatively, she has suggested approaches that allow her to vote with the liberals, and she has occasionally done so. The 1988-89 term will tell us a good deal about how much of a judicial legacy Reagan will leave us. □

EXCHANGE.

(*Continued From Page 330*)

whose gift for friendship is as uncalculating as Buckley's.

I see far less of him than I wish I did. But thirty-five years have gone by since I met and at once marked him as one man on earth you could with entire assurance call collect for a loan, or, for that matter, bail if the Federal Bureau of Investigation had booked you for selling secrets to the Sandinistas. There is simply nothing better to say about a fellow creature; and there, on that high plane, where Buckley abides unmatchable and beyond assault, I shall leave the matter.

Murray Kempton

P.S. I published Pat Buckley's remark about Bill after his passage with Gore Vidal, by the way, because I thought it was among the most loving and indeed the loveliest thing a wife has ever said to me about her husband.

SHERRILL REPLIES

Tallahassee, Fla.

I think it's very generous of *The Nation* to give John Judis space in which to rewrite his book in such a way as to patch the pants of his hero. But I think it is being a bit too generous when it gives him space to rewrite my review.

I am not interested, nor should anyone else be, in what William F. Buckley did during "most" of his career. I made it quite clear that in my opinion the only period in which Buckley played a significant role in American politics was in the 1950s and early 1960s, and it was in that period that he was indeed a supporter of every crackpot right-wing movement and the ideological soulmate of every right-wing crackpot.

Judis disagrees, but other more objective observers—particularly those on the scene at the time—don't support him. Take good old mainstream *Newsweek*, for example. In a major overview article on December 4, 1961 ("Thunder on the Far Right: Fear and Frustration . . . Rouse Extremists to Action Across the Land"), it writes of such kooks as the John Birch Society and Robert Welch, the Christian Crusade and the Rev. Billy James Hargis, the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade and Dr. Fred Schwartz, historian J. Evetts Haley (who advocated hanging Earl Warren) and Maj. Gen. Edwin Walker. *Newsweek* said, "If Goldwater is the political darling of the extremists, blond, 35-year-old William F. Buckley is their spiritual and intellectual leader."

In this matter as in others, Judis tries to fuzz over the facts. He says Revilo P. Oliver was Buckley's "friend." No doubt. But he was much more: He was also for a time a contributor on the masthead of the *National Review*. As for Buckley's critical remarks about General Walker, they are not at all impressive. Judis himself notes that Buckley, as a strategic gimmick, would sometimes criticize his allies not out of sincerity but as a way to increase his credibility when he praised them.

In fact, I did not have space to mention all the kooky movements and kooky people supported by Buckley; I did not mention his position, for example, on the American Committee for Aid to Katanga Freedom Fighters, or his contributions to H. L. Hunt's *Facts Forum*, or his co-chairing of the Charles Edison Dinner Committee (this being the Edison who was a leader of many extreme-rightist causes, including the John Birch Society), or his place on the national board of the Committee Against Summit

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Entanglements, an early John Birch front organization, and so on.

These organizations ultimately fizzled out from the natural decline of that era's insanity, not at all from the opposition of Buckley, who was thick with them during that period when his opposition would have really mattered—the years when America was being frozen into a cold war and an internal schism that would drain away trillions of dollars to support our corrupt defense industries and try to equate liberalism with Communism. Buckley was one of the creatures of the condition that Henry Steele Commager called "the first hate movement chiefly among the middle and upper-middle classes." Judis keeps trying to distance Buckley from the Birch Society during the era when it was one of the chief manufacturers of hate, but as late as November 19, 1963, you will find him writing in the *National Review*: "irrespective of whether one agrees with the general goals of the Society's members, as I emphatically do. . . ."

Judis's promotion of Buckley as a great friend of the blacks is shameful and dishonest and farcical. Buckley's rumble with George Wallace in 1968 was strictly a political fuss; Southern Republicans were getting their asses whipped by the Wallaceites, and Buckley was trying to change that. Even if Buckley supported the vote for blacks in 1968, it was a meaningless gesture; by then they obviously *had* the vote, for keeps. As for Buckley's support of a national holiday for Martin Luther King Jr., in 1979, so what? By 1979 King's place in history was so well fixed that Buckley, if anything, was simply trying to exploit him—just as the ex-segregationist pols of the Deep South were all doing by that time, when they campaigned in black neighborhoods.

What's important is Buckley's position back in the days when blacks were fighting for freedom. In 1957 his *National Review* was damning the Federal troops protecting blacks at Little Rock High School as "an army of occupation" (October 12). That same year, on July 13, the *National Review* ran an article by one of its masthead contributors, Richard M. Weaver, which argued that "'Integration' and 'Communization' are, after all, pretty closely synonymous," and that the common people of America were wise enough to recognize that "communism has always signalized its advent by an ostensibly free and natural but actually self-conscious and tendentious racial mingling."

In 1963, with blacks facing violence everywhere in the Deep South, Buckley wrote a column (May 21) in which he said the police of Birmingham had good reason to disperse civil rights demonstrators, just as police would have good reason to prevent "a bunch of Jew-eating maniacs" from parading around New York City. To keep the peace, wrote Buckley, it was reasonable for police to arrest the peaceful demonstrators rather than "the overwhelming body of Birmingham's citizens, who had encircled them." Buckley had a sympathetic feeling for the mob: "The South has reasons to be deeply distressed, and the externalization of deep distress takes ugly forms." If the North and the blacks were offended by the ugliness, they should stop messing with the South.

Regarding Judis's Complaint No. 4, I am quite content to leave it up to *The Nation*'s readers as to whether or not I accurately summarized Buckley's cowardice in the face of the *American Mercury*'s anti-Semitism. Judis calls Buckley's action a "compromise." I call it capitulation. Decide for yourself, if you are interested, at pages 173-174 in the biography.

Complaint No. 5: I'm getting tired of restating the obvious, so again I'm going to leave it up to readers to decide whether or not Buckley, as I said, eased up on the Birch Society in order to keep the money coming from Roger Milliken, the *National Review*'s most generous backer. See pages 194-197.

Complaints No. 6 and No. 7: There's really no way to resolve the difference, short of getting into the C.I.A.'s file on Buckley.

Now we come to the sleazy side of Judis. I thought even a damned fool should be able to see that in fact I *defended* Buckley against any suggestion of limp-wristedness. A common-sensical reading of my review, placed against Murray Kempton's quote, will show that I follow Kempton's meaning exactly. Furthermore, I want to emphasize that while Judis uses the phrase "Buckley's feminine traits," I did not use that phrase, and would not. "Womanly qualities" (Kempton's words, which I use) has a nice solid ring to it, not at all offensive. "Feminine traits" sounds, well, effeminate, and I wouldn't blame Buckley at all if he hunted up his biographer and socked him in such a way that, in Buckley's immortal words, he would "stay plastered."

And finally we get down to Judis's whining. I quoted him "out of context"? Of course I quoted him out of context. What the hell does he think a book review is made up of—any book review—if not quotes and references out of context? But that doesn't mean I quoted him unfairly.

Richard Clurman's is by far the more entertaining letter. It has that wonderfully woozy, blustery, sizzle-fizzle, disjointed, hysterical cadence and incoherence that Clurman picked up, no doubt, when he was an editorial exec at *Time*.

On the other hand, I would like to know what he's babbling about. What's all that "never minding" supposed to mean? Are we supposed to care if he is a genuine Jew, or a paid-up member of the Liberal Museum? I'm sorry he didn't get to go to Yale, but why bring it up now?

Fortunately, Clurman mentions an episode that I think will give readers of *The Nation* a fair test of his precarious mental state. I refer to his next-to-last paragraph, where he talks about how I "viciously" and "repeatedly" attacked Theodore White.

I have had occasion to write about White twice. Book reviews both times. I complimented him the first time around. But the second time, in reviewing his *America in Search of Itself* (front page of *The New York Times Book Review*, May 9, 1982), I pointed out that White believed the nation had been nearly ruined by three influences—leaders of the feminist movement (those "unrelenting and remorseless women"), liberalism and minority races—and I concluded that he had become so bitter and jaded that he was no longer a reliable historian.

After that review appeared, a funny thing happened. Although I had been a regular and frequent reviewer for *The New York Times* for years, I was shortly thereafter shut out of the *Review*, and I remained shut out until *The Times*'s executive editor, Abe Rosenthal, retired about five years later. Rosenthal, I remind you, was also a member, along with White and the others mentioned by Clurman, of the Boys Club that Buckley had helped organize. The boys in the Boys Club stuck together. When one was cut, they all bled—and all sought revenge. Clurman, his little mind inflamed by my White review, has obviously been waiting six years—six years!—for a chance to write his letter. What a pitiful guy.

And, as he makes plain in the last paragraph, he hopes that Navasky and Carter will "Rosenthal" me. Zounds! Shut out of *The Nation*? As the great private eye Philip Marlow responded, when a truculent fop asked if he wanted a punch on the nose, "I tremble at the thought. . . ."

With ideological fighters, it's the heart that goes first. Kempton's, obviously, has grown flabby. His friendship for William Buckley does not make Buckley acceptable in humane society any more than John Kennedy's and Robert Kennedy's friendship for Joe McCarthy made McCarthy acceptable. Given Kempton's deterioration, it isn't surprising, but it is sad, that he would think "there is simply nothing better to say about a fellow creature" than that he would go bail for an old crony. As for me, I can think of quite a few better things to say about a fellow creature.

And I can think of few worse things to say about a fellow creature than that he has been an apologist for governments that have put thousands of "Kemptons" in jail without hope for bail. When General Pinochet overthrew President Allende "in a brutal coup that resulted in the death, imprisonment, or exile of about 100,000 Chileans—one out of every one hundred citizens," writes Judis, "torture was widespread. And the political repression came to include not only Communists and Socialists, but Christian Democrats who were initially sympathetic to the coup." If Buckley had used the *National Review* to heed their call for help, instead of using it to defend Pinochet, I think we would all be much more impressed than we are by his willingness to accept collect calls from mushy liberals in his retinue.

Robert Sherrill

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SVEN BIRKERTS

STORIES IN AN ALMOST CLASSICAL MODE. *By Harold Brodkey. Alfred A. Knopf. 596 pp. $24.95.*

There are two Harold Brodkeys parading past us in this gargantuan collection of prose. One is a writer of fairly conventional story-telling ambitions and considerable ability, and his contribution—essentially the first five stories, all of them written before 1969—can be praised and questioned in conventional terms. They are serious and well crafted, placing characters in morally and psychologically complex situations. In "The Abundant Dreamer," to take the most challenging example, filmmaker Marcus Weill, on location in Rome, receives word that his grandmother has died. The news jolts him, and the rest of the narrative, which tracks Weill's every moment and thought during the day's preparation and shooting, sets up an intricate weave of recollected moments. The free thread, which dangles tantalizingly before us by the end of the tale, and which could, if yanked, unravel the whole of Weill's disciplined inner life, has to do with the young man's first love, a pregnancy and a coolly willful abrogation of responsibility. The filmmaker's grandiose self-image has a questionable foundation; he has bought his art at a price. But whatever the reader feels about the man—and this reaction has to contribute to the effect—he is not likely to dispute the controlled power of the telling.

This holds true for the other opening stories as well. Craft and the subtly insightful turns of the prose counteract the often disagreeable impressions left by Brodkey's male protagonists, who tend to be morally righteous and more than a little self-involved. Take Avram, in "Bookkeeping," of whom he writes: "Avram darted down the steps of his brownstone with that quick boyishness of his which aroused the sarcasm of so many of the intellectuals who wrote for his magazine." Though the author looks to preempt criticism by incorporating it, the ploy fails; we side with the snipers and despise the character.

But never mind. It is the other Harold Brodkey who concerns us here. The writer who came to resist the death kiss of "promise" bestowed upon his earliest work (the stories collected in *First Love and Other Sorrows*) and began venturing a far more difficult and unlikely style and subject; who has been toiling for what must be decades at *Party of Animals*, the novel touted by the happy few who have seen it take shape as a work to rival Proust (critic Denis Donoghue); and who has gathered in the rest of this book substantial chunks of material in the voice of Wiley Silenowicz—the supposed narrator of the novel—for our inspection. This Brodkey is now soliciting response and readership for his distinctive and risky fictional project. Parts of the work have appeared in magazines, it's true, and the Jewish Publication Society did release a limited-edition selection several years ago, entitled *Women and Angels*, but seeing the material assembled in bulk and sequence produces a whole new impression. The presentation is not uncalculated: We must consider it a preview or a gauntlet, or both.

I referred to these prose pieces as "chunks" rather than stories because I feel that there may be some debate about their intrinsic genre. Many of them, certainly, read like sections from something larger; we sense that they might have been eased—not ripped—from the body of some encompassing ur-text. The beginnings and endings have, at times, an arbitrary, *in medias res* feeling. But then, that appears to be the nature of the enterprise; the prose, too, conveys that feeling—deliberately. The writing does not so much tell a story or instigate a progress as deliver a dense mass of perceptions, feelings and thoughts about some small but vital portion of Wiley's experience. In most of the pieces he is a child and his child's sensorium is focused upon one or another of the people closest to him: mother, father, sister, nanny and so on. Only in two, "Innocence" and "Angel," is he older (college age), but the procedure is not so different. The first, highly controversial when it was originally published in *American Review*, plunges him into the throes of carnality—he is trying to bring a young coed to orgasm. The other has him standing in place, witnessing the manifestation of a real angel in Harvard Yard.

Whether these are stories in the strict sense or not is ultimately irrelevant. The point is that this is an extraordinary (I use the word in its etymologically neutral sense) prose: relentless, demanding, overwrought, eternal-seeming, demented, crammed with flashes of light. It is good, bad, awful, brilliant and it is deeply, shudderingly, *effective.*

Brodkey provides something like an aesthetic announcement early on in "Innocence," when he has Wiley say:

> I distrust summaries, any kind of gliding through time, any too great a claim that one is in control of what one recounts; I think someone who claims to understand but who is obviously calm, someone who claims to write with emotion recollected in tranquility, is a fool and a liar. To understand is to tremble. To recollect is to reenter and be riven. An acrobat after spinning through the air in a mockery of flight stands erect on his perch and mockingly takes his bow as if what he is being applauded for was easy for him. . . . I am bored with that and with where it has brought us. I admire the authority of being on one's knees in front of the event.

On his knees he is, if not literally, then almost: Wiley the child experiences his world and the people in it within a radius not much greater than ten feet. On page after page we are inside his 3- or 5- or 10-year-old self—both body and soul—registering the incremental flux of his habitat. Voices, sighs, faces, bodies in space, furnishings, the ambiance of certain corners and rooms—this primary data has probably never been put into language so densely or exhaustively:

> Sometimes when I wake, I am eleven years old; and the underside of the bedsprings, the rows of coils that face me, sag, squeak, clatter against the wooden bed frame, flabbily press air—a slow sound—when I grip the curved enamel wires of the coils with my hands and bare feet, and move horizontally, hand over hand, foot over foot.

And so on. Brodkey wants nothing so much as to reanimate childhood from within. The outer descriptions move out in widening circles, tallying sensation, annexing the subaqueous drift of emotion and thought, advancing with little or no culmination. We either enter that

Sven Birkerts's The Electric Life: Essays on Modern Poetry *will be published by William Morrow early next year.*

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world or we reject the prose—there is no middle path.

The fundamental family diagram is laid out in the piece called "A Story in an Almost Classical Mode." Interestingly, this is the one time Brodkey uses his own last name as the family name. Joe and Doris Brodkey have adopted Harold—whom they call "Buddy"—at the age of 2; his real mother died, and his real father, an incompetent drifter, "more or less sold me to the Brodkeys." The family lives in University City outside St. Louis. Later sections change the names (Joe and Doris become S.L. and Leila Cohn, later S.L. and Lila Silenowicz), and an older sister, Nonie, and a nursemaid, Anne-Marie, appear. But the structure of the family, what Freud called the "romance," stays more or less constant. Lila is intense, histrionic, an emotional bully with an urge to dominate that grows as her health starts to falter; S.L. is passive, doting, easy of manner and affectively detached; Nonie is sadistic and vengeful (in "The Pain Continuum" she does nothing but torture a very young Wiley); Anne-Marie is warm and nurturing, and her marriage and departure serve as one of the few crises of this chronicle. The variously titled segments render one phase or another of Wiley's growing up. What conflicts there are develop not from plot or situation but from the recursive close-up inspection of Wiley's psychic shifts. In a piece like "Play," for instance, he grapples with a despised younger playmate; hurtful urges and aggressions slowly melt and become something else--the first flashes of sexual awakening—as their game of "Tarzan" turns unexpectedly tender. Brodkey maps the gradations of change with care and accuracy. Here, as elsewhere, he allows the moment to expand in slowed motion until every breath sounds deafening.

The paradigm instance of this is in the oft-cited "His Son, in His Arms, in Light, Aloft," which takes seventeen pages (it is one of the shorter pieces) to detail Wiley's experience of being lifted up into his father's arms and carried across the garden. "My God, I feel it up and down my spine, the thumping on the turf, the approach of his hands, his giant hands, the huge ramming increment of his breath as he draws near: a widening effort." But of course not even Harold Brodkey can stretch pure description over such a distance. The stages of Wiley's "enskyment" (Robinson Jeffers's coinage) are like sections of a shattered picture-plane, except that each contains

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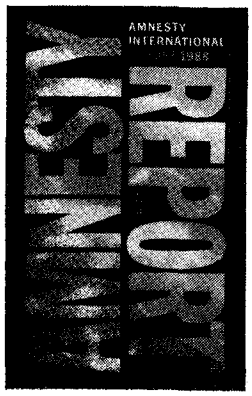

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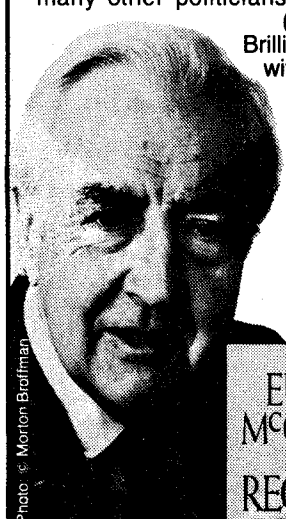

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some dilation or divagation that expands the picture. In places we get pure perception, in others a kind of matured retrospection on how it was between father and son: "Sometimes he becomes simply a set of limits, of walls, inside which there is the caroming and echoing of my astounding sensibility amplified by being his son and in his arms and aloft."

This switching of perspectives and modes can work beautifully at times. The prose rhythms catch us up until we suddenly feel that we have returned to the duration-state of childhood, the state in which time is known not in successive units but in unmarked rushes and sweeps. At other times, though, the sentences rage and clatter, chewing, as someone once remarked of Henry James, more than they have bitten off:

> The lip shapings S.L. does seem more like pantomimes of meaning than aspects of taming and guiding the noise of his voice. His throat-hurled noises and the palatal echoes and nasal shadings are special to him – that stuff can't be notated. He applies a male, pale lacquer of breath outside a syllable so that *are you smiling* has in the final breath of each syllable, in the paling and dwindling *r*. . . .

Suffice it to say that that last sentence is just getting warmed up. And when Brodkey gets on one of these runs, the profoundest duration-spell dissolves into alphabet soup. But then, every break with convention has to carry its own hazards.

"Innocence" and "Angel," our two exposures to an older Wiley, confirm Brodkey's interest in creating – or recovering – duration experience. Who knows but that its attainment is not the major impetus behind his art? Is it pure coincidence that the only two forays into postadolescent consciousness set out situations that break with event-as-chronology – that is, eros and mystical visitation? I doubt it. I would sooner argue that Brodkey has found what is for him a workable mode and is determined to push it as far as he can. Of the two, "Angel" is the more memorable. Wiley's sexual pyrotechnics quickly carry us from interest to irritation to stupefaction. In contrast, the appearance of a giant visage in the middle of Harvard Yard, and the fact that it resolutely refuses to *do* or *indicate* anything, becomes increasingly haunting. The piece makes an apt finale for this static but ecstatic collection of prose.

Writing recently in *Vanity Fair*, critic James Wolcott expressed doubt that

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Brodkey's big novel would ever see the light of day. Why else, he wondered, would the author be giving us these pieces of the Wiley saga, "unless he had given up hope of fusing them into a coherent novelistic whole?" A good question. Indeed, given the nature of this material, its narrative method, we have to consider if any sort of whole is even possible. Brodkey's bold independence—his decision to junk the artifice of telling and its implicit "gliding through time"—may well have landed him in an impossible corner. Is there any way in which such exploded moments can be forged into a viable larger entity? Could readers bear to know any more about Wiley's inwardness than they now know? How long can an author sustain such centripetal prose without introducing tensions of a grander dimension? It is not enough to point to Proust, asserting that he, too, lowered his diving bell into the past and reconstituted the inner scape of childhood. Proust achieved what he did only because he was also able to engineer a massive and sophisticated supporting structure. He contrived around Marcel a free-standing world of rounded individuals, societal hierarchies and historical consistency. Brodkey has done nothing of the kind, at least not in the Wiley pieces gathered here. As readers, we are confined to a small stage lit by powerful but directed beams. The infinity of inwardness is not to be compared to the infinity of material reality—at least not as a subject for fiction. The relentless self-exploration of Wiley Silenowicz, rich and unique though it is, will have to be counter-balanced by something resembling a world. How Brodkey might accomplish this is one of the great literary mysteries of our time. □

The Lenore Marshall Prize

The Lenore Marshall/Nation Poetry Prize of $10,000, awarded annually for the most outstanding book of poems published in the United States by an American, is sponsored by the New Hope Foundation in conjunction with The Nation. *Previous winners of the prize have been Donald Hall (1986), Howard Moss (1985), John Ashbery (1984), Josephine Miles (1983), George Starbuck (1982), John Logan (1981), Sterling A. Brown (1980), Stanley Kunitz (1979), Hayden Carruth (1978), Allen Tate (1977), Philip Levine (1976), Denise Levertov (1975) and Cid Corman (1974).*

This year the prize has been awarded to Josephine Jacobsen for her book The Sisters: New and Selected Poems *(The Bench Press). The judges were Robert Phillips, Katha Pollitt and William Jay Smith, who has contributed the accompanying essay.*

Reviewing over several months the hundreds of books submitted for the Lenore Marshall Prize, Katha Pollitt, Robert Phillips and I concluded that more books of poems than ever before are being published in this country and that the government is responsible for the publication of a good portion of them. Book after book bears the notice that its publication has been supported in whole or in part by grants from the National Endowment for the Arts or some state arts council. As a result of these subventions, books by small presses are handsomely, even lavishly, produced, with beautiful durable bindings and jackets studded with encomiums from poets being published by other small presses. Although one can only welcome such wide attention to poetry, one must at the same time regret that these books are for the most part so poorly edited. The poets themselves are rarely self-critical to any extent, and their editors frequently allow uneven, ragged, sloppy work to be rushed into print. In the end, many of these superficially dazzling productions are, as the late J.V. Cunningham used to say, "eminently forgettable." Still, there were enough volumes of truly superior quality to make our final selection far from simple. Our choice for the prize, *The Sisters: New and Selected Poems* by Josephine Jacobsen, comes from The Bench Press, a small publishing house in Columbia, South Carolina, (appearing apparently without an arts council subvention). It is scrupulously edited, splendidly produced, and is the life work of one of the country's finest poets.

Among the many books we examined were a number of important collected works, any one of which merited an award. *From Princeton One Autumn Afternoon: Collected Poems of Theodore Weiss 1950–1986* (Macmillan) presents what Weiss calls his ideal, "a poetry, a language, absorbed in and exploiting its own immense resources yet, at the same time, transparent to the world at large." The much-praised *Partial Accounts: New and Selected Poems* by William Meredith (Knopf) contains a wide selection from Meredith's seven previous collections, along with eleven new poems, the most striking of which is the title poem. *Poems: New and Selected* by Frederick Morgan (University of Illinois Press) and *New and Selected Poems 1942–1987* by Charles Edward Eaton (Cornwall Books) both contain memorable poems. *Good Woman: Poems and a Memoir 1969–1980* by Lucille Clifton (BOA Editions) is especially notable for its poignant black family history. *Selected Poems (Expanded Edition)* and *Sumerian Vistas*, both by A.R. Ammons (Norton), reveal this poet's remarkable range and unique vision.

We narrowed our difficult selection to a final short list of six books. The poems in Karl Shapiro's *New and Selected Poems 1940–1986* (University of Chicago Press) have won many prizes and are certainly deserving of another. Like Auden, whom the poet praises in the last poem of this severely limited selection of his work, Shapiro throughout his long career has been a poet "who made poetry whole again." W.D. Snodgrass's *Selected Poems 1957–1987* (Soho) shows his great strength and versatility, especially in the sequence "Remains" and in the recent poems of splendid comic invention. In *The Sunset Maker* (Atheneum), Donald Justice brings together poems, stories and a memoir that prove him to be, as Anthony Hecht has properly termed him, "the supreme heir of Wallace Stevens." May Swenson's *In Other Words* (Knopf) celebrates the visual world in poems of unparalleled verbal virtuosity. Ruth Stone, in *Second-Hand Coat: Poems New and Selected* (David R. Godine), presents poems of unusual immediacy. One of the most neglected poets in the country, she can write rings around most of her contemporaries, and this collection should lead to a reassessment of her work. Against even so talented a display, Jacobsen's *The Sisters* stood out in the extraordinarily unified brilliance of its achievement.

Josephine Jacobsen was runner-up for the prize seven years ago with *The Chinese Insomniacs* (University of Pennsylvania Press), and it seems fitting that she should receive it this year for a selec-

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tion of poems from her five previous books together with a group of new poems as fine as any she has written. Jacobsen was 80 in August, the same age as Theodore Roethke, had he lived. Like Roethke, she acknowledges as her masters Auden and Yeats; she believes as Roethke did that true poetry must spring from fierce energy. In "Gentle Reader" the poet she describes might well be herself:

> Late in the night when I should be asleep
> under the city stars in a small room
> I read a poet. A poet: not
> a versifier. Not a hot-shot
> ethic-monger, laying about
> him; not a diary of lying
> about in cruel cruel beds, crying.
> A poet, dangerous and steep.

She has told us that when young she wanted to be both an actress and a poet. From the theater she has retained a dramatic sense that informs her poems as well as her stories. Both poems and stories are filled with people, young and old, pompous and pious, energetic and dying, and she observes them all in dramatic situations from the cradle to the grave. The poet sees the two elderly sisters of her title poem as two aspects of her own psyche, projections of the ordinary woman she seems to be and the muse who inspires the extraordinary poems she produces. "The muse of poetry is a very fierce muse indeed," Jacobsen has written. "I think of Stevens' image of the poem: 'The lion sleeps in the sun. Its nose is on its paws. It can kill a man. . . .' Poetry is energy, and it is poetic energy which is the source of that instant of knowing that the poet tries to name. . . . It is the kind of energy which burns away the debris. The muse is not fond of decoration."

There is little decoration in Jacobsen's work: her spare diction combines the passionate commitment of Louise Bogan with the precision and compactness of Elizabeth Bishop and Marianne Moore. And she exhibits fully two qualities, reticence and reverence, that were the very fabric of Moore's poetry. She is a religious poet, a moralist, whose points are made with subtle, swift rapier thrusts and not with dull hammer blows. I have followed her work for many years and I must say that her early poems, carefully written though they were, gave little indication of the power that she would achieve in the past two decades.

Although she has received considerable recognition, being one of the few women named as Consultant in Poetry to the Library of Congress, she has been overlooked by almost all major anthologies simply because she has not followed the current trends but has gone her own way. "It is not hard for the poet to run counter to uninformed pressure," she has said. "It is sometimes very hard indeed to hold a course which may temporarily steer him counter to the informal pressure of his peers' direction, though from time to time he may find himself under the necessity to do just that. His own daemon has got to say, 'Yes'; after all the humility, and openness, and gratitude, it is his own daemon which must speak. If he has connected with the source of energy, his poetry will be alive, and intimately related to the most distant truth; if not, it is born dead, though it be as factually relevant as today's headlines."

Jacobsen's poetry is intimately related to distant truth: she is an old-fashioned poet whose old-fashioned virtues and a belief that poetry must have structure and music and must communicate are again becoming fashionable. Like Emily Dickinson, Josephine Jacobsen seeks to tell the whole truth but to "tell it slant." And it is her cool, observant eye, her clear angle of vision, that makes her poems unique. And what a marvelous ear she possesses: Listen to the vowel sounds in "The Shade-Seller": the cool "silver key" that unlocks the hot metal box; and in "Pondicherry Blues" hear the beat of the snare-drum and the heartbeat of Mrs. Pondicherry, as heavy and red as her name implies. Josephine Jacobsen's quietly articulated observations have the dark resonance of great art. And if this book is any indication, that resonance will be far-reaching. WILLIAM JAY SMITH

THE SHADE-SELLER

for A.R. Ammons

"Sombra?"
he asked us from his little booth. And shade
we bought to leave our car in.

By noon
the sand was a mealy fire; we crossed by planks
to the Revolcadero sea.

One day
we were later and hotter; and he peered out
and "No hay sombra!" he told us.

That day
when we came back to our metal box, frightened
we breathed for a terrible instant

the air
fiery and loud of the hooked fish.
Quick! Quick! Our silver key!

Sometimes
now I dream of the shade-seller; from his dark
he leans, and "sombra . . ." I tell him.

There is
candescent sand and a great noise of heat
and it is I who speak that word

heavy
and wide and green. O may he never
answer my one with three.

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THE CHINESE INSOMNIACS

It is good to know
the Chinese insomniacs.
How, in 495 A.D.,
in 500 B.C.,
the moon shining, and the pine-
trees shining back
at it, a poet had to walk
to the window.

It is companionable
to remember my fellow
who was unable to sleep
because of a sorrow, or not;
who had to watch
for the wind
to stir night flowers in the garden
instead of making the deep journey.

They live nine hun-
dred years apart,
and turn, and turn, restless.
She says her sleeve is wet
with tears; he says something difficult
to forget, like
music counts the heartbeat.

A date is only a mark
on paper—it has little to do
with what is long.
It is good to have their company
tonight: a lady, awake
until birdsong;
a gentleman who made
poems later out of frag-
ments of the dark.

THE PARTHENON FRIEZE

On the Thessalian plain
almond and apricot still
in this sun stir from,
the grasses lift after,
the galloping of the invisible horses,
the wind of their passage
the great thighs' rush
the kindling manes
the hooves that sprang

to stone.

PONDICHERRY BLUES

(for voice and snare-drum)

Mrs. Pondicherry was/ fat and mean,
she had four/ pug/ dogs and a limousine
black/ as West Virginia coal;
and she troubled herself about her soul,
yes, she surely was concerned/ about her soul.

Father O'Hare was thin as a steeple,
the poor and the lonely were his passion and his people.
Pondicherry would ask/ that man to come to dinner
and talk/ to him/ about The Sinner.
And Father O'Hare got very/ very/ tired of Mrs. Pondicherry,
he got raw-/ bone/ tired of Pondicherry.

She changed her will like/ she changed her furs
cause she surely did know that they both were hers,
and she drove that man beside himself
with her wills/ and her pelts/ and her pugs/ and her pelf,
she drove him purely beside himself.

One day she was sitting on her velvet seat
her mink/ round her shoulders and her footstool for her feet
and a cushion for/ each/ pug;
and her heart gave a leap and she fell on the rug,
she fell/ right/ down/ on her big/ red/ rug.

They put her into/ bed and called Father O'Hare
but he couldn't get there and he couldn't get there
and she lay on her bed for a/ solid/ hour
and she didn't say a word cause she didn't own the power,
didn't own the power to say/ a single word.

Her mind was thin and cold as a hag
in her eyes was a beggar with a/ bowl and a rag,
and her ears/ heard/ a cold/ wind start
to blow the trash round the alleys of her heart,
to blow/ cold/ trash round the gutters of her heart.

But Father O'Hare he was/ serving the poor,
he never reached the house and he never crossed the door
til she closed her eyes and/ she stopped her breath
in the lonesome/ slum/ of death
that dark/ trashy/ street of/ death.

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Tiger by the Tail

DAVID MONTGOMERY

TAKING ON GENERAL MOTORS: A Case Study of the UAW Campaign to Keep GM Van Nuys Open. *By Eric Mann. Institute of Industrial Relations, University of California, Los Angeles. 408 pp. Paper $20.*

In March 1988 auto workers from eleven countries met in West Germany under the auspices of the Transnationals Information Exchange. Some of them were from trade-union strongholds like West Germany, where workers had won a thirty-seven-hour week, while others represented Third World countries, where a day's wages are often less than U.S. workers earn in an hour. Two experiences shared by all the assembled workers had brought them together. One was the global mobility of capital: The corporations that employ them routinely make countries, cities and even individual plants bid against one another for work; those offering the lowest production costs and the best "labor climate" get the jobs. Such policies have reduced historic centers of industrial activity to shambles, while encouraging Third World states to crush any workers' activity that jeopardizes the possible attraction of branch plants. The second experience was management's sponsorship of "team concepts." "Employee involvement" and "quality of work life" plans have become as familiar to the lowest-paid workers as they are to the highest. Moreover, the team programs have become a central ingredient in corporations' definitions of an attractive labor climate.

One month later the third International Productivity Symposium met in Washington under the sponsorship of several departments of the U.S. government, employers' associations and productivity-study institutes in various countries, the International Labor Organization and the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Its program featured discussions of "new forms of work organizations . . . characterized by flatter and less bureaucratic structures," the substitution of "flexible scheduling" for the forty-hour work week, linking pay "more closely to the performance of the organization" and "innovative industrial relations practices." The logic informing the entire symposium asserted that providing management with greater "flexibility" would increase productivity and thus raise both living standards and levels of employment.

The two gatherings epitomized the strategic and ideological issues facing labor movements today, just as the balance of forces in that confrontation was illuminated by the contrast between the modest setting of the gathering of workers, many of whom carried on their activities under the daily threat of prison, and the $500 registration fee for the eminent academics, government officials and business executives at the Grand Hyatt Washington. Not only factories but entire communities have been rendered expendable by the maneuvers of transnationals. All that remains of 1960s struggles for workers' control is the rhetoric of "participation," and it has been appropriated by so-called Japanese styles of management, which are themselves a strategic weapon in the corporations' arsenal.

Workers' hopes of exercising their collective power either in the workplace or through use of the state seem futile at a time when the President of the United States wanted to veto legislation requiring sixty-days notification of plant closings; when president Owen Bieber of the United Auto Workers espouses "jointness" as "the new realism" for unions "competing for the very existence of the industry"; and when even socialist governments sing hymns to "the market." It was not Ronald Reagan but President Carter's Commission for a National Agenda for the '80s that declared in best academic jargon:

> It may be in the best interest of the nation to commit itself to locationally neutral economic and social policies rather than spatially sensitive urban policies that either explicitly or inadvertently seek to preserve cities in their historic roles.

And surely all informed opinion favors ending "restrictive work rules" and introducing a new era of mutual respect and shared concerns into the workplace!

It is this context that explains the widespread interest aroused by Eric Mann's book about the five-year battle of the local union at the General Motors plant in Van Nuys, California, to keep the factory open and to preserve the union's effectiveness despite the introduction of a team system. *Taking on General Motors* is not only an insider's account of a remarkably successful labor struggle in our time; it is also an organizer's manual. The detailed reconstruction of planning meetings and rallies, the careful assessments of leading personalities and the self-critical rehearsing of actions and arguments are all informed by the author's desire to impart to other workers the lessons of Van Nuys. Books of this character are as rare as they are useful.

Mann offers no blueprint for actions that can be reproduced elsewhere. Quite the contrary: a basic theme of his argument is that all workers threatened by the loss of their jobs must develop their own strategic plans based on their own specific circumstances. Van Nuys workers weighed and rejected such options as employee or community buyouts as unsuited to their situation and concluded that an attempt to occupy the plant would attract publicity, but save no jobs. They did lobby in Sacramento for plant-closing legislation, only to see the measure scuttled by the leading Democrats. They used court suits in two instances, once effectively and another time in a way that probably injured their own cause.

The basic strategy of the Campaign to Keep G.M. Van Nuys Open was the threat of a boycott against sales of G.M. vehicles in the Los Angeles area. A feasibility study done at the U.C.L.A. Graduate School of Management revealed that the 122 dealers who sold 155,000 new G.M. vehicles annually did most of their business on weekends and could be effectively picketed. The fact that half of the workers were Latino and 15 percent Afro-American allowed the campaign to enlist major support from the Chicano and black communities to preserve the area's last remaining auto plant. And access to Hollywood generated not only the support of movie celebrities but also the campaign's own very effective film, *Tiger by the Tail.* The strategy also developed in response to G.M.'s policies of placing all its plants on a "danger list," closing eleven of them and whipsawing the others against one another for concessions, rather than against any announced intention to close the Van Nuys plant. Moreover, even in the face of a loss in market share that turned almost into a rout in 1986, G.M. remained in the auto business, in contrast with the

David Montgomery is Farnam Professor of History at Yale University and the author of The Fall of the House of Labor: The Workplace, the State, and American Labor Activism, 1865–1925 *(Cambridge University Press).*

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abandonment of steel by U.S.X. Above all, despite the hostility of national U.A.W. officials and many local activists to the boycott mobilization, the campaign enjoyed the support of the local's popular and astute president, Pete Beltran.

All these conditions were peculiar to Van Nuys. Nevertheless, Mann draws general lessons from the campaign's experience. First, existing circumstances must be assessed realistically and in minute detail. Second, the community must be involved, and both minority groups and the knowledge and initiatives of local business people have special roles to play in that involvement. Third, only well-organized and continuous activity by the workers in the factory can guarantee such community involvement and prevent it from turning abruptly into yet another pressure for concessions from the workers. Fourth, the large body of activists who organize the struggle must evaluate constantly and collectively each new development and each new action to be taken. Finally, the decisive needs are organization and persistence.

One other lesson learned by those at Van Nuys, as it had been by the machinists fighting concessions at Eastern Air Lines, is that every victory by a union will be followed promptly by a new line of attack from the company. No sooner had the Van Nuys campaign mobilized an effective boycott threat than G.M. sent in a new plant manager who introduced a team program and announced that the success of that program would determine whether a new car model would be introduced to keep Van Nuys open. This company initiative late in 1985 produced a "responsible representation" slate of candidates for local union offices ready to cooperate in the "weeding out" of undesirable workers, the introduction of quality circles, the pitting of night and day shifts into chronic conflicts with each other and the signing of side agreements that converted the local contract into a "living agreement." As one worker complained, "That damn contract is so alive that when you try to pick it up, it runs away."

Mann makes it clear, however, that the workers were ambivalent about the employee involvement scheme and that the incessant controversy had left them very well informed about the options they faced. Even workers who favored cooperation with the team program, however, wanted the protection of an adversarial union and were irate that G.M. refused to commit itself unequivocally to production of a new car model at Van Nuys.

By the time Mann's narrative ends, in the summer of 1987, the crucial battle had become the campaign's effort to elect local leadership that would reassemble the contract, force management to deal with elected shop representatives rather than union officials it preferred and renegotiate the team agreement of 1985. Without those accomplishments in the plant, the community campaign would collapse, and the Van Nuys workers would face once again the alternatives of accepting G.M.'s terms or having their plant join the growing list of those (like Kansas City and Framingham, Massachusetts) that have been "idled," despite the promise of the national G.M.-U.A.W. contract that no more plants would be closed. The hard-fought local union elections of 1987 gave the campaign a narrow victory over the responsible representation slate. That outcome initiated a new round of battles, whose outcome is far from certain.

Just as *Taking on General Motors* offers no magic formula for halting capital flight, so it has no happy ending. Instead, its closing chapter broadens the scope of the discussion, by introducing another development in the U.A.W.—the New Directions movement of Region 5. That movement involves not one local but eight states of the central Southwest, where it has undertaken to establish a "plant-closing free zone." Its aims are to reverse the impact of the 1982 U.A.W.-G.M. agreement, which opened the door to competition among union locals for G.M.'s available work, and to restore the nationwide bargaining standards for which the union had fought at the time of the sit-downs in 1937. Reinforcing local struggles like that at Van Nuys with regional, national and even international solidarities of the kind promoted at the Transnationals Information Exchange meeting in West Germany, offers the best hope of some success in protecting local communities against capital flight. However, the lengths to which the U.A.W. leadership went to bar Jerry Tucker, leader of the New Directions movement, from the directorship of Region 5 also demonstrated that the cultivation of jointness between unions and management has brought with it a dangerous suppression of internal union democracy. Fortunately, a Federal District Court order forced the U.A.W. to hold new elections in the re-

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gion. Early in September 1988, delegates to a special district convention defied the wishes of the international and elected Tucker their director once more. His victory has encouraged advocates of a reinvigorated union to bid for the directors' offices in two other districts, and offers real hope for the restoration of democratic practices that were once the pride of the union.

What can be accomplished by the international union has recently been demonstrated by the vigorous response of the U.A.W. to Chrysler's attempt to discard its Acustar parts division. The union prepared six locals for strike action, organized large protest demonstrations and suspended its cooperation in Chrysler's team programs, thus forcing Chrysler to retain the plants. These measures, which were taken after Mann had finished his book, reinforce his argument that, under some circumstances, organized action can shield particular plants and communities from the ravages of capital flight. Now more than ever workers need unions that are prepared to be effective adversaries of companies' use of their new mobility to run roughshod over the needs of employees, regions and nations. His book reveals that such struggles are not hopeless, and it offers valuable lessons in how they can be mobilized effectively. □

Inequality Circles

DAVID BENSMAN

INHUMAN RELATIONS: Quality Circles and Anti-Unionism in American Industry. *By Guillermo J. Grenier. Temple University Press. 232 pp. $32.95.*

The movement to improve the quality of working life enjoys extraordinarily widespread support. By giving workers an opportunity to participate in the decisions that shape their lives at work, the movement promises to solve many of America's most pressing problems—our faltering competitiveness in the global economy, our alienation from meaningless work and our sense of personal isolation. No wonder the Reagan White House, along with many viciously anti-union corporations, have joined liberal think tanks and progressive labor unions in supporting the cause.

The quality of working life (Q.W.L.) crusade has spawned a small army of consultants, facilitators, trainers and researchers, and its accomplishments have been chronicled in numerous newspaper articles and magazine stories. Nevertheless, surprisingly little is known about how the reform efforts are actually changing social relations in the workplace; we don't even know whether they are really boosting productivity. The reason for this ignorance is simple: Researchers desiring to find out what really happens when workers begin to participate in decision-making are almost never permitted on-site observation or allowed to interview the players in depth and over time. It's obvious that bad ink could mar the careers of corporate executives or union officers associated with the project, so the participants play it safe, relaying high hopes and early successes to willing publicists. Scholars whose data lead them to suspect that there are problems in the Q.W.L. movement are loath to report these findings, for fear of losing access to those who control information. On the basis of censored and self-censored evidence, the Q.W.L. crusade flourishes.

Guillermo Grenier's study of quality circles at Johnson and Johnson's Ethicon subsidiary in Albuquerque, New Mexico, is unique because Grenier was able to lift the corporate veil. Taken on as an unpaid research assistant by the plant's social psychologist, Grenier obtained permission to study how management used its participative program. For seven months, he attended the weekly meetings of the small groups (teams) established by management to discuss production and other problems. The psychologist and his staff openly described to him their successes in using psychological theory to manipulate the work force.

At first, Grenier thought he was on to a good thing—the inside track to a hot dissertation. But as he watched the social psychologist manipulating employees who had eagerly embraced the team concept as a welcome experiment in workplace democracy, Grenier began to have second thoughts about his role. For several months, he rationalized con-

David Bensman, director of the graduate program in labor studies at Rutgers University, is co-author with Roberta Lynch of Rusted Dreams: Hard Times in a Steel Community *(University of California Press).*

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tinuing his research; he was a social scientist after all, and his role was to collect and analyze data, not to pass judgment on it. But eventually, conscience won out over professional identity. Grenier went public about how Johnson and Johnson Ethicon was using Q.W.L. to fight union organization. His apostasy received a lot of publicity, and Ethicon's social psychologist and personnel director were forced to resign. When Grenier began accompanying union organizers on their house calls he started receiving anonymous calls threatening his wife and baby. Ultimately, workers rejected unionization by a 2 to 1 margin and the company was able to settle charges of unfair labor practices filed by four union supporters whom it had fired during the campaign, without reinstating any of them.

In *Inhuman Relations: Quality Circles and Anti-Unionism in American Industry*, Grenier downplays the personal drama; he presents instead a sobering analysis of how the superficially democratic Q.W.L. groups facilitated managerial control. From the beginning, management controlled the definition of the situation: The team concept was designed for only the best workers and managers and only workers with the proper attitudes and skills could participate. When an employee discovered flaws in the small group utopia, management diagnosed the problem as an individual's maladjustment. Chronically aggrieved workers were labeled "losers"; supervisors made sure that "losers" never got prestigious or lucrative assignments.

Within the teams, workers were given the right to participate, but not in ways that gave them control of corporate policy. Thus, management's decision that all workers would have to work rotating shifts, two weeks on day shifts and two weeks at night, was not subject to employee review, in spite of the fact that for a large group of employees—working mothers—the policy was burdensome in the extreme.

Team members did have a vote on one another's raises and promotions, however; they even had a voice in hiring decisions (after management had screened out potential troublemakers). Many workers were uncomfortable about being responsible for personnel decisions, but the practice served a key management goal—it made employees extraordinarily sensitive about their standing with their peers. Peer pressure, indeed, became a critical weapon of managerial control.

Because the teams were generally accepted as being legitimate vehicles for worker participation in decision making, company policy usually became team policy, and dissension from company policy became disloyalty to the team. Those who dissented found themselves isolated.

The Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union came to Ethicon in Albuquerque at the invitation of a small number of dissatisfied workers. A.C.T.W.U. had a good relationship with Johnson and Johnson at many unionized facilities in the Northeast, and the union tried to convince workers in Albuquerque that they too could enjoy decent wages and benefits ($9.75 per hour in Somerville, New Jersey, at the time, as opposed to $5.30 per hour in Albuquerque). The company responded by arguing that living costs in New Jersey were much higher, and that it was paying the prevailing wage in Albuquerque. Why should it pay more for labor than it had to?

Ultimately, as Grenier demonstrates, Johnson and Johnson relied more on intimidation than on argument. The social psychologist used his team leaders as sources of information about how each team member felt about the union. Then he orchestrated a coercive campaign by isolating union sympathizers and turning the force of peer pressure on them. As conflict between workers intensified, management blamed this too on the union. By the time election day arrived, many workers wanted above all for things to return to "normal."

Grenier argues that this use of quality circles as an antiunion tool was no aberration. For seventy-five years, he contends, social scientists have been placing their knowledge of individual psychology and group dynamics at the service of managers bent on increasing their control of workers. When viewed in this historical context, the worker participation movement is only new in that it enables corporate executives to masquerade as enlightened leaders in a crusade for industrial democracy and global competitiveness. That's quite an achievement.

Progressives in the labor movement and in academia who believe that the movement for worker participation in management can be used to advance democracy in the workplace will very likely dismiss Grenier's account as a cautionary tale of how a good idea can be abused. But it is more than that, for two reasons. First, *Inhuman Relations* makes it clear that the tools social scientists have provided management are

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very powerful. Corporations that know how to screen potential troublemakers, to harness employees' needs for recognition and for a sense of participation and to use peer pressure to stifle dissent, are in a position to penetrate and destroy the informal bonds between workers that support resistance and provide the basis for unionism. Second, Grenier challenges the democratic pretensions of the Q.W.L. movement. While most U.S. progressives who support Q.W.L. are attracted to the Scandinavian model, in which workers and their unions participate in high-level corporate planning and decision-making, most American managers are attracted to Japanese management's ability to enlist workers in the search for high quality and productivity. While it would be nice to have the best of both worlds, Grenier reminds us that we are far more likely to end up with an illusion of democracy—that is, worker participation in implementing decisions made by corporate executives—than with actual worker power to decide what products to develop, what technologies to adopt or what investments to make. When workers assume the responsibility for their company's performance, without having real decision-making power, they make themselves vulnerable. Not only will the company blame the workers when things go wrong, but they will blame themselves. □

ARCHITECTURE.

JANE HOLTZ KAY

Deconstructivist Architecture
Architectural Art
The Architecture of Frank Gehry

The question of the architectural season was this: How do you like your design confection—deconstructed or postmodernized? Once you accept the notion that architecture is surface deep, understanding the use of these terms at three exhibitions this year in New York City is a piece of cake.

"Deconstructivist Architecture," the long-awaited display of the movement's deliberately chaotic, fractured forms, appeared at the Museum of Modern Art this summer. Postmodernism, the historically conscious design of the past decade, was visible in the American Craft Museum's "Architectural Art: Affirming the Design Relationship." Cultural recidivists looking for actual architecture could visit the Whitney Museum, where the deconstructivist founding father, architect Frank Gehry, was holding forth.

The MoMA deconstructivist show was overwritten and overexposed long before it opened. Its deployment—or, should one say, fragmentation—of forms was proclaimed as the heir and answer to postmodernism's ever more ponderous and stale wedding-cake. Deconstructivist Architecture, originally titled "Violated Perfection," was intended to endorse an architecture of odd-lot assemblage, buildings whose parts leaped and zigged away from the stable box. Organized by Philip Johnson, who had put together MoMA's landmark International Style exhibition in 1932, the show was to use that precedent to establish a new style divorced from the postmodernist appliqué that has adorned American architecture with Chippendale tops, Palladian windows and Corinthian columns of Brobdingnagian size.

Where International Style–modernism was minted by European socialists with memories of the past and moribund notions of using the assembly line to create affordable architecture for the (heaven help us) masses, deconstructivism was California grown—fresh and fair from the land of No There There, and glad of it. Where postmodernism deferred to the past (at least in theory), "decon" accepted the *fait accompli* of Los Angeles, where the rickrack landscape allowed architects to plop their happily ramshackle designs whither they would. Forget context. Context was treating the random and unzoned as its own context. Decon's erratic shapes mimicked the meandering rooftops of southern California; its forms were as harsh and abrasive as the highway environment that embraced them. "Found context," one critic described the work. Fair enough.

Architect Frank Gehry, with his contorted geometry and broken-down forms, his altered perspectives and raw industrial materials, was the movement's artist/icon (and the subject of two of the shows). Even Johnson paid him homage by using chain-link fencing in his Glass House environs in Connecticut. And Gehry peers aplenty appeared in the architectural magazines. Animated and artful, their work set out to go beyond the right-angle world of familiar floors, doors, ceilings, windows; to create the trapezoid instead of the rectangle, the diagonal instead of the 90 degree angle.

The visual elements of deconstructivism have certainly entered pop culture. Its graphic manifestoes have been sufficient to tantalize—nay, numb—the eye. From T-shirts, paper napkins and stationery to the graphic layout of newspaper supplements and *Spy* magazine; from early 1980s Italian Memphis furniture, with its sprightly tilt and wiry caricature, to the brick wall of the fashionable interior in Oliver Stone's *Wall Street* tumbling down in trendy urban decadence, atilt is in. It is a style for our times, a philosophy for our rootless, our, well, deconstructed era. And, with the media mainstreaming of the MoMA exhibition, those wanting to look at the New Look would soon know whether zig and zag would be the architect's replacement for the philosopher's yin and yang. The idea was so ripe that many condemned Philip Johnson for appropriating its semantics.

For all this brouhaha, the amazing thing about MoMA's Deconstructivist Architecture is that it was such a pallid event, more an anticlimax than a summer of the shooting stars. Without the modest intellectual fireworks of the press previews or the exhibition catalogue, the museum goer would find the three-room display of buildings hardly more than an appealing little art show—see the pretty paintings on the wall, look at the deft drawings, the dimensional hangings. Gone are the rough, the raw, the jarring, the radical, even the offensive elements. Gone, to be more precise, is the architecture.

Beginning with a chamber of quite wonderful early twentieth-century Russian constructivist art to lend historic credence, the show moves on to models and drawings to show how seven architects later adopted these balanced if asymmetrical geometries. Architects Frank Gehry, Rem Koolhaas, Zaha Hadid, Daniel Libeskind, Coop Himmelblau, Peter Eisenman and Bernard Tschumi are represented by airily pleasing views of projects. There is nothing abrasive or startling in these buildings; they are reduced to art objects without edge. The Hadid piece, a night club rendered with shafts of wood projecting into the path of the museum goer, is the only mental or physical intrusion in one's path. In fact, even the museum seems ambivalent in labeling the work: "radical architecture," says the press release; "a new sensibility," echoes the wall text. But Johnson demurs. "Deconstructivist architecture is not a new style," he writes in the catalogue. "No movement," either. As Dorothy Parker put it: Faithful reader's head spins.

There are ten projects bearing titles,

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but, bafflingly, there is not one photograph of a building, much less a backlit photomural. It is as if the architects who have brought this intellectual manifesto to the landscape have been reduced to artifact-makers rather than architects. Why, for instance, are there no real-life views of Gehry's much-publicized houses? Why is Bernard Tschumi's five-acre Parc de La Villette in Paris—not only visible in that city but the subject of a recent Princeton University Press monograph—reduced to a product of pen and paper and cardboard?

Not only are there no photographs, there are no written descriptions of where or what or when or why the object known as architecture was designed. The noninitiate must read the catalogue to know that, say, Rem Koolhaas's Rotterdam, Netherlands, high-rise is a communal facility or to understand that Peter Eisenman's blocks are the model for a biology center. Without such information, the viewer will lose the sense that, say, Daniel Libeskind's City Edge, a tilted aluminum megaform, is in some ways a rational response to the monstrous geometric rationality of the nearby Berlin Wall.

Nor do the buildings or the models themselves make any visual note of the buildings next door. Not one suggestion of a neighborhood, not a line or block to depict the design's place within the immediate milieu or overall surroundings. Some do have automobiles. (In the Eisenman project, the highway running in front of the buildings holds six cars; that's roughly one per building, a figure consonant with utopia or an art museum.) None, as I recall, have the model of a human figure to show scale. Why should they? There is no scale, no context, not even a context to violate.

Scaleless and free-standing, the work on view is not unsettling because of its newness, but dishearteningly traditional in its indifference to both current social issues (affordable housing) and age-old ones (building shelter for the laughing, crying, loving, hating human beings who inhabit this planet). Once more we have architecture as fashion at its most frivolous. Like the Hollywood strike-breakers who insist that they are going to henceforth render filmdom writer-proof, you wonder whether such an approach will merely help to render the world still more architect-proof.

The problem of architecture as wallpaper (pick a style, paste it on) has of course long afflicted postmodernism, too. And yet, in the midst of all this superficiality; the public urge to adorn the built environment has promoted a new aesthetic sensibility. The impulse to enrich the sterile box of modernism has encouraged architects to draft artists to work on the public and private landscape. In the last season, the American Institute of Architects focused its convention on the subject of art in architecture, and the fortieth assembly of the International Federation of Landscape Architects offered public art presentations. The list of places and projects employing artists extends from countless individual buildings to New York City's Battery Park and the Boston public transit system. Even *The New York Times* ran a classified advertisement for a sculptor ("NY area restor co seeks a sculptor to replicate by carving & installing moldings and other architectural/artistic details in stone/wood on ext facade of hist bldgs").

In view of this happy postmodernist byproduct of collaboration, the American Craft Museum's Architectural Art: Affirming the Design Relationship was, again, much anticipated and was, again, unaccountably meager and disappointing. The range of work, from Muriel Castanis's cloaked figures affixed to the facade, to exhibits such as Ed Carpenter's routine skylights at the Oregon Institute of Technology or Ruth Duckworth's mediocre stone wall is often second-rate as art and lackluster as decoration. Even the better public art—Albert Paley's handsome wrought iron or Scott Burton's engaging stone furniture—looks poor here. It is good to see the redone Rainbow Room, Richard Haas's murals or Louise Nevelson's "Chapel of the Good Shepherd," but they are underplayed in a hodgepodge that includes such amateurishness as the Detroit People Mover System mural by Joyce Kozloff. Philip Johnson's 580 California Street, for all his vaunted eye and his art collection, looks more like interior glitz à la Trump than arresting art.

The exhibition is divided into four parts—a historical overview of "architectural art" in New York City; eleven artists of the 1980s; four sites in the past decade; and four collaborations commissioned for the exhibition. All of these seem rather perfunctory, however; here a brief nod to the Chrysler building and Tiffany, there a bow to Lincoln Center (a tacky model, if ever there was one). The lost opportunity seems especially odd given that the show's organizer, Robert Jensen, orchestrated a far better version in his book *Ornamentalism* in 1982. Everything this promising

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museum touches seems to turn to the coy and cliché. While the craft movement grows more confident, and the new consciousness and bigger budgets produce more public art, the work assembled in this crafts showcase seems aesthetically inferior and more commercial than what one sees on the streets.

After all this trivialized art and architecture, it is almost refreshing to see the phrase "tight budget" in the descriptive tags at the Whitney's Frank Gehry show and realize that we have entered the real world once again. Not that there is anything spartan in the exhibition of 250 drawings, photographs, models, furniture and walk-in-and-around sculptures here. Gehry remains the artist-architect (one sentence into our conversation and the architect is mentioning his debt to artists). Yet sculptural or painterly impulses are finally subsumed to architectural ones here. While Gehry accepts his place in the deconstructivist movement, the Whitney demonstrates how talent outstrips such categories.

Originating at Minneapolis's Walker Art Center, the traveling exhibition shows the architect's fresh and witty interceptions of conventional design. Charging impermanence with raw energy, Gehry opts for the look of process rather than polish. "Buildings in construction look nicer than buildings finished," he observes. Like sculptor/architect James Wines, whose delightfully idolatrous "de-architecture" has amazingly eluded all these exhibitors, the Santa Monica architect is a sage of uncertainty. Whatever the dangers of Gehry unleashed in lesser hands, one has the sense of an artist experimenting and pushing boundaries.

To some, the 60-year-old Gehry remains a guerrilla in architect's clothing. If shelter and stability are the essence of architecture, the designer is a one-man demolition crew. Some ten years ago, in his most celebrated building, Gehry wrapped his Santa Monica ranch house with junkyard parts, alarming his neighborhood and astounding the art world. It is a variation on the theme of the works shown here. A Gehry building frequently looks as if the wrecking squad cut out a corner. A flying wedge of corrugated aluminum collides with an exposed stud; the four-sided rectangle is cut away and embroidered with foreign parts and raw materials like plywood. The buildings may seem more tortured than ordered, more scaffolding than structure, but the brio, if you will, transforms a Santa Monica shopping mall or artist-homes and studios in Venice, California, into colorful adventures.

Gehry's architecture flourishes on short-lived installations like the 1983 Temporary Contemporary for the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, a space carved into a Los Angeles warehouse, or the current and much-praised 65-foot structure for the sheet-metal workers' show at the National Building Museum in Washington. For all their shattered quality, they are strangely comfortable. Philip Johnson likes the Santa Monica house, says Gehry, but "he doesn't know why." And what other architect could render this celebrity spokesman so inarticulate? Who else has created the anticipation of "What next?" in so many followers of design?

Gehry's fame was slow to come and even the program prepared by Channel 13 (PBS) in connection with the exhibition was rambling and amateurish. "Being accepted isn't everything," says the title page of the catalogue. But the California architect in the navy blazer is clearly on a roll. The ambitious exhibition is accompanied by a hefty and equally personable catalogue by Rizzoli. The architecture of twenty years is displayed along with the elaborately constructed symbols, copper forms or fetishes like the walk-in fish, in which the visitor has a chance to play Jonah.

For unreconstructed urbanites and contextualists (like this reviewer), it is often easier to accept the wall-hung "art" here than the actual architecture, to applaud the rationale more than the reality. In Boston, Gehry's renovation of a Tower Record store (not shown here) looks a bit heavy-handed for the job, while his willingness to lend his hand to the ill-planned Fan Pier project seemed more celebrity folly than a thoughtful response. But one pardons lapses from an architect who can produce the madcap West Coast-cum-Roman urbanity of Los Angeles's Loyola Law School or the vitality of the Wosk residence in Beverly Hills.

Whatever the problems, the exuberance is refreshing. The indeterminate, explosive look of Gehry's deconstructivism shows up the artifice of postmodernism's masquerade-as-history. With Gehry, you may not be able to put Humpty Dumpty back together again, but at least the stitches aren't camouflaged. You emerge from MoMA's show with a sense of architecture as too obsolete, too effete, to merit serious consideration. "I'd rather be fishing" is the response. At the very least, the Whitney's Gehry gives you the beast's real ribs and carcass. □

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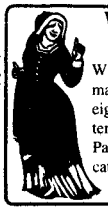

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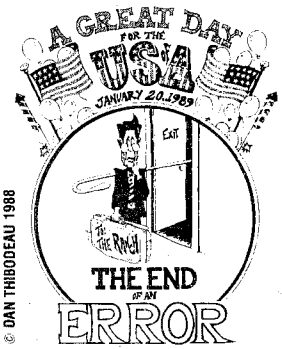

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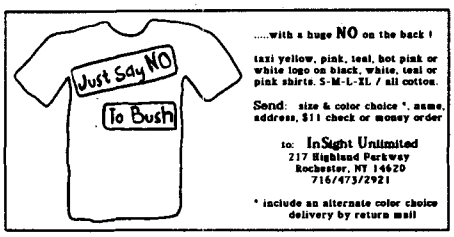
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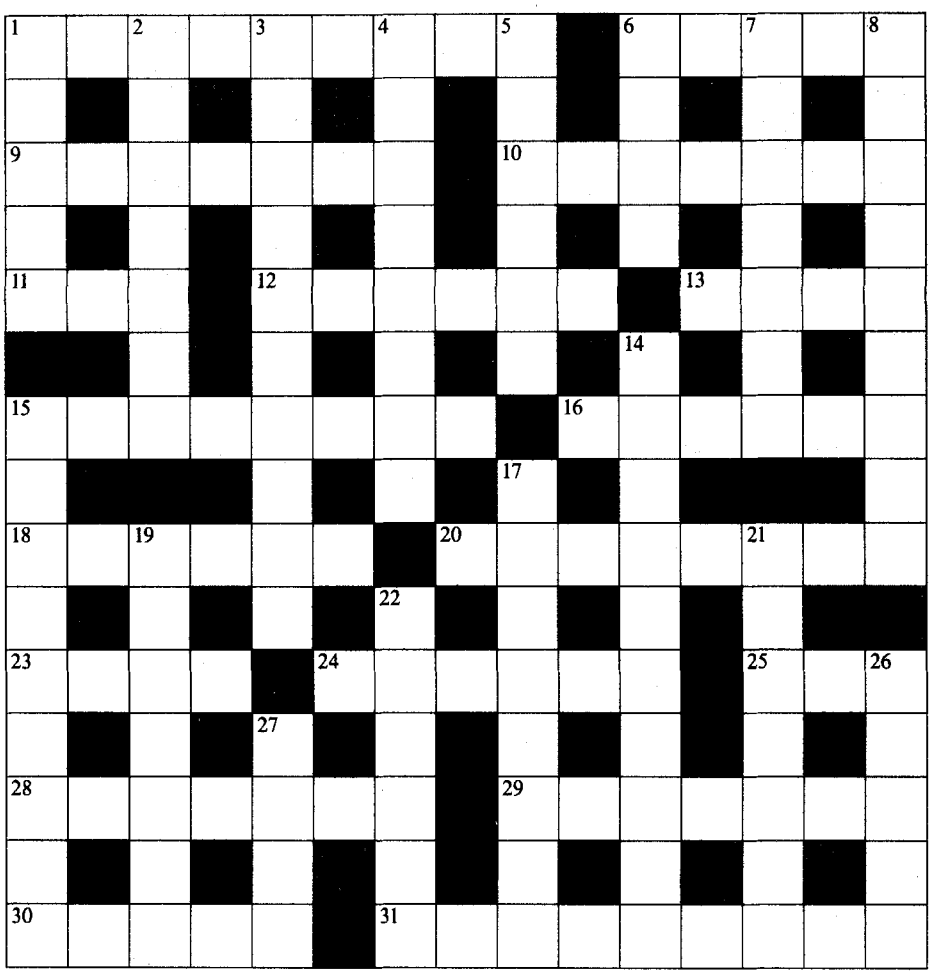

ACROSS

1 Symbolizing victory with a Goya production in skeletal foundation might mark a happy departure. (3,6)
6, 12, 13 and 11 Create a jester, as one might say, out of a person's mischievous being? One might be embarrassed to do so! (4,1,4,2,7)
9 An early Monroe appearance at which things come to a halt? (3,4)
10 A grand one at baseball might bring several home for a common term, speaking of incarceration. (7)
11, 12 and 13 See 6 across
15 Charon sounds like Puck takes on human form. (7)
16 The first part of 1 across is a sort of small growth. (6)
18 Real estate to the French might be just a means of getting along, in the past. (6)
20 There's no telling whether their bite might be worse or not! (8)
23 See 5 down
24 A couple of stars had a jewel in one. (6)
25 Reputedly a gift for certain 28 who might overdo things. (7)
28 Such as the physicist Edward who take in a lot of money? (7)
29 To bring it back with a word of greeting might imply a stage appearance. (7)
30 Jobs and things that hold up mails, perhaps. (5)
31 Winston Churchill's book shows the inevitability of the Civil War, rather than what a namesake faced in the forties, perhaps. (3,6)

DOWN

1 Many refer to it as a good book. (5)
2 and 27 It might enable one to smell out what is happening. (4,3,4)
3 An impatient remark of the harassed traveler, but that's how I go to help, considerately. (3,2,2,3)
4 They might have been awarded in the Greek games, which could have made Pam a hero. (8)
5 and 23 across Even more to the orient, an oriental study for which Steinbeck is responsible. (4,2,4)
6 Intend to be low-down—downright nasty? (4)
7 O.K. son, I'm improved by the far-from-plain wrappers! (7)
8 Are they marked with a "DOWN" clue? ("ACROSS" has a somewhat shaky content!) (9)
14 Such a look might get you, although it seems to call for an attack on the girl! (4-6)
15 Pets, perhaps, that imply a faux pas. (5,4)
17 The singer who might have the air of a southeastern Italian? (8)
19 Not quite unnecessary, they have their points! (7)
21 Perhaps entertains one by tossing things such as a container with broken legs. (7)
22 People who travel a lot have a black collection, perhaps. (3,3)
26 What is the warring world coming to! (That's what one does with kisses, in separation.) (5)
27 See 2

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